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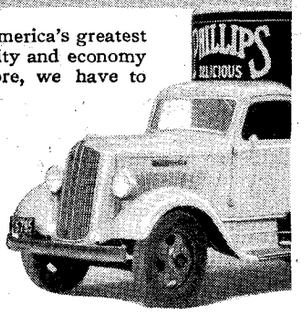

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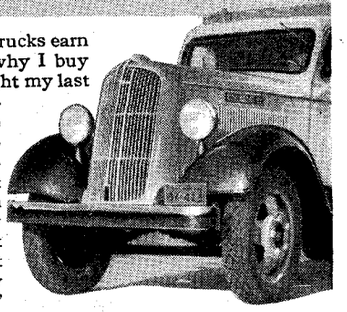

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DODGE gas savings have amazed truck owners from coast to coast. Many Dodge truck owners report "saving up to $95 a year on gas alone." Dodge dealers now have a little machine which lets you prove Dodge gas savings for yourself. It is called a gasometer. It shows exactly how far any truck, old or new, will go on a gallon of gas. You can borrow a gasometer from your Dodge dealer without cost or obligation. Phone or visit your Dodge dealer today.

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The Literary Digest

FOR SEPTEMBER 5, 1936

SECOND EDITION

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Mail

"Spice of Life"

Sir:—Overheard from my little daughter, aged twelve, on opening the last issue of THE DIGEST:

"Oh, 'The Spice of Life' is back. Hot-dog!"

The family reaction in a nutshell. I thought you might like to know.

ROBERT HOGG.

White Plains, New York.

Spanish Government

Sir:—In your issue of this date you print a letter from Mr. Malcolm Babbitt inquiring whether or not the present Government of Spain is red. Arguing that it is not Communistic, he refers to articles written by New York's leading Communist, Heywood Broun.

All authorities agree that Spain's present Government is of a Communistic red color.

N. E. FRANKLIN.

New York.

[The August 29 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST (page 12) gives the political line-ups of the embattled Spaniards.—*Editor.*]

Current Poetry

Sir:—If I were contemplating the removal of a feature from THE LITERARY DIGEST, I most certainly would not select that feature which is one of the most interesting, thought-provoking, and inspiring of them all, namely, "Current Poetry." Yet that is exactly what

(Continued on page 47)

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SAFETY!

TO TALK safety is one thing—to build safety into a tire is quite another. That Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires are the safest tires built is proved by the following facts:

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Listen to the Voice of Firestone, Monday Evenings, over N.B.C.—WEAF Network

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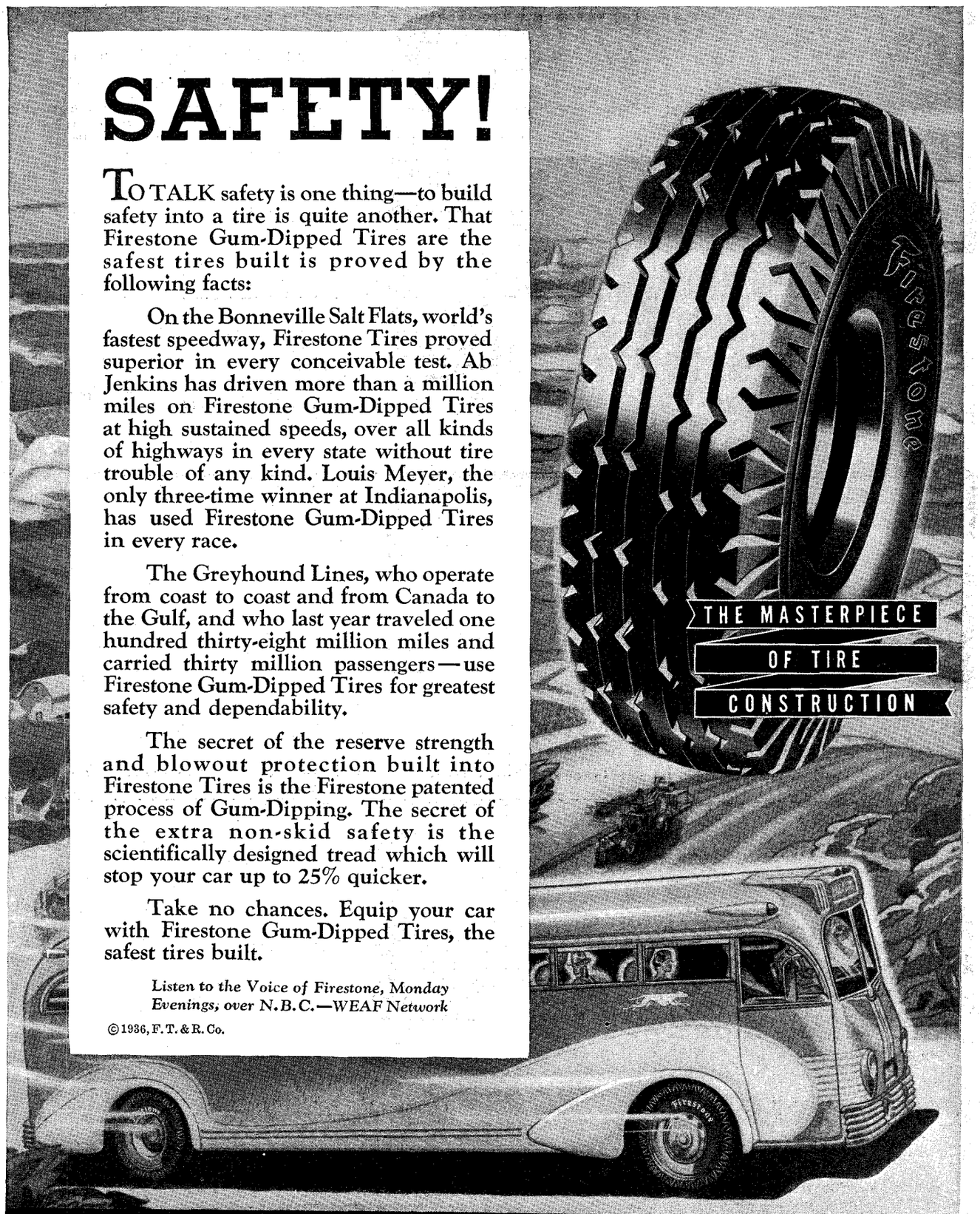

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—That will pay you
several dollars each week for your spare time. Boys earn OVER $5.00.

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a cash bonus every thirteen weeks.

—That will offer you
your choice of many free prizes.

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The Literary Digest Nation-Wide Presidential Poll has begun. *Every one* will want the latest returns as they are published week by week in The Digest. This will give you a fine opportunity to get off to a good start and sell more and more copies each week.

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FOUR OTHER CANDIDATES IN 1936 RACE

Aiken, Colvin, Browder, Thomas Not Quixotic in Own Eyes

In the ruck of the political parade led by President Roosevelt and Gov. Alfred M. Landon trudge the leaders of four inharmonious political concepts. Gallant modern *Don Quixotes*, they are determined to educate the voting public to their credos. Privately, each knows he will not march into the White House this time. One openly admits it.

John W. Aiken, candidate of the Socialist-Labor Party, is the candid confessor of hopelessness. No whistling in the dark badgers his ambitions. At forty, sparse, tall, a tireless reed capped by a thick mat of black hair and even features faintly suggesting Gary Cooper, he has no expectation of winning anything in this campaign. The United States is not ready for his political creed; he sees no reason to duck behind a stout affirmation that it is.

Politics blew right into Aiken's lap. Loafing one day at sixteen, he noticed the wind snap a newspaper across a vacant lot in Saugus, Massachusetts. He rushed over, hoping to find comics. Instead, he found *The Weekly People*, organ of the Socialist-Laborites. He read it, blew hot immediately and sent for literature.

That was in 1912. Ten years later, he was nominated for State Auditor of Massachusetts on the Socialist-Labor ticket. He's never been without a nomination of some kind since.

Piecemeal Learning—Education has come to him in broken lots, no silk hat ever has creased his skull. He knows five languages via the catch-as-catch-can route, has read law. During the War he was a sergeant of motor-transport. Now he lives in a small flat in Chelsea, near Boston. He has swapped the installing of greasy bearings for the cleaner task of polishing hardwood.

Votes have tumbled through his doorway in fourteen years of sirening to the people. In 1932, on the national ticket, he polled 33,276. He was rueful because fewer than 1,000 came from Massachusetts.

He keeps as busy polishing hardwood as he does sniping votes. Seven reasons for that are a wife and six children. They can't eat votes. Mrs. Aiken is proud of her cabinet-finisher candidate, prouder of the fact that "two Harvard professors go to his classes regularly." These classes are lectures on economics at Lynn, Fall River, New Bedford and Waltham.

Hope of Drys—There is no doubt about D. Leigh Colvin's position. The candidate of the Prohibition Party is believed to be the only man in "Who's Who" with the designation "Prohibitionist" after his name. For many years, some good, some distressing, it has been his work.

When he was graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University in 1900 he took to the road, organizing an intercollegiate prohibition society wherever he came across a campus. He signed more than 100.

His present candidacy is his fifth for public office, none thus far successful. In 1916, he was Prohibitionist candidate for the United States Senate from New York. A year later he campaigned for Mayor of the City of New York. Three years later he once more asked voters to send him to the Senate and in 1932 made his third attempt. That time wearing the label of the Law Preservation Party.

He looks nothing like the common concept of a prohibitionist. He is neither lank, nor acidulous. His head is wisped with a few carefully raked hairs, he is heavy-browed, articulate and believes prohibition will return to the United States.

Last May nearly 700 ardent drys met in an armory at Niagara Falls and nominated him. He accepted, without hope. He acknowledged the prohibition cause appeared scuttled; promised a fight to restore it.

His rigid upbringing caused him some confusion once. He went to an oculist for an eye-test. The oculist used playing-cards for sighting. Colvin could see them perfectly, but was unable to do much about it. He couldn't identify the cards.

Red Leader—From Kansas, like Landon, is Earl Browder, the Communist candidate. Thin-faced, small, quick of gesture and with wind-blown teeth, he has no time for sun-dancing over theories and realities. He puffs rhythmically at fat cigars, lashes out caustically on what he believes—or doesn't. When he gets excited, his head bobs and stray locks tumble down and shadow his forehead. Impatiently, he pushes them back with the heel of his hand.

At forty-five, with a carpet-sweeper brush of a mustache across his upper lip, he looks typically American. Kansas he owns to as a birthplace, and that's all.

He shaped himself to politics early. At fifteen he was a Socialist. His opposition to war and interest in labor-union movements got him in trouble during the War. He was a school-teacher, but an irate Government quickly shifted him to Leavenworth Penitentiary.

Only a few months ago he roweled the Government again. In Russia to attend Party meetings, he told the Comintern that American Communists had "learned the revolutionary traditions of 1776 and 1863." Reports of this speech caused Washington to protest to the U.S.S.R. concerning Communist efforts in this country.

He has no hopes of winning.

Socialist Chief—Norman Thomas is tall, white-haired, vigorous and words pour from him like water from a spring. His fluency has carried him far, sincerity farther.

He was born in Ohio on November 20, 1884, and was graduated from Princeton in 1905 as a Bachelor of Arts. The ministry beguiled him. He went on to Union Theological Seminary, from which he was graduated with a B.D. degree. He served in the ministry until the World War.

His walks within the Party have not all been harmonious. Many members often have disagreed with his view. To this day he is known as a Left-Winger in the Party.

Often, he says things which, curiously, parallel the thoughts of Browder. For example: in that same speech to the Comintern, Browder said: "We appear as the heirs of the revolutionary movement from which the United States was born."

Over the radio, Thomas said: "There is only one victory worth seeking by the heirs of the American Revolution."

His vote-getting has fluctuated through the years. In 1928, daring to run against the swift-streamed Coolidge prosperity, he polled a low of 244,000. In 1932, lashing at both Hoover and Roosevelt, he surprized even intimates by polling 884,781 votes.

Thomas lives in New York, works everywhere. He is married, has five children.

No admission of hopelessness ever has come from him.

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"Your cheek's as smooth as mine!"

Unbelievable as it may seem, an experienced user of a Schick Shaver can shave so closely that the gentlest finger tips cannot find the slightest sign of hair or stubble.

For the Schick shears off the beard *below the level of the skin.* You cannot get the result the first time you try a Schick, for your blade-calloused skin is covered with scar tissue that will not enter the shaving slots to the required depth.

Use a Schick continuously from ten days to three weeks, and Nature will give you a new skin to replace the dead one which flakes off.

Then you can shave quickly and as closely as you require.

IT HAS NO BLADES

You cannot possibly cut nor scrape yourself with a Schick, for it has no blades, no moving part touches the skin and, therefore, you are protected from cuts and the possible dangers of infection.

YOU USE NO LATHER

You do not need water, soap, cream, brush nor any facial preparation whatever. Just plug into an electric socket and shave. You *could* shave in the dark or while reading. Shave with your coat on if you wish. Shave twice a day if you want, for the second shave is just as painless as the first.

LET OUR DEALERS SHOW YOU

We have nearly 13,000 dealers. Ask any of them to demonstrate the Schick to you. If none is near you, write to Dept. J.

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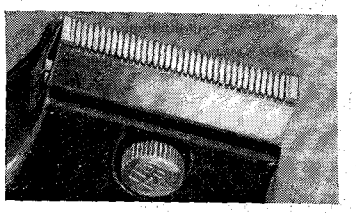
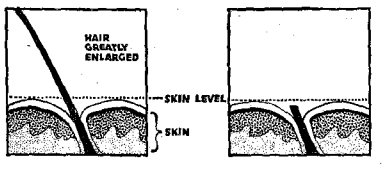
SCHICK SHAVER



In this cutter are the results of twenty years' thought and work and vast sums of money. The patented features are vital to its quick, clean-shaving qualities. The outer cutter, thin as paper, lasts indefinitely because of support from the inner cutter—a patented construction.



A study of the diagrams above will show you why the Schick Shaver operates so perfectly. Each hair grows in a crater. The "mounds" on each side are pressed down by the outer head of the Shaver, allowing the inner cutter to shear off the hair below the skin level.

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Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 5, 1936

Topics of the day

FIRST VOTES IN "DIGEST'S" 1936 POLL

Scattering Returns From Four States Show Landon Leading

Like the outriders of a vast army, the first ballots in THE LITERARY DIGEST's great 1936 Presidential Poll march into the open this week to be marshaled, checked and counted. They are tabulated on this page.

More than 24,000 strong, they represent the initial returns from four States—Maine, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania.

The Big Parade has started.

Once again THE DIGEST is making a country-wide test of political sentiment to find the answer to a national question. This time it is, "Who will win—Roosevelt or Landon?"

Next week more States will join the parade, and there will be thousands of additional votes. Ballots are pouring out by tens of thousands and will continue to flood the country for several weeks. They are pouring back, too, in an ever-increasing stream.

Answering Figures—The homing ballots, coming from every State, city and hamlet, should write the answer to the question, "Roosevelt or Landon?" long before Election Day. For in every previous Poll, such ballots have enabled THE DIGEST to put its finger on the winner.

Turning to the first batch of figures, we find them, small as they are, packed with interest for the general public as well as for the political sharpshooters. But it would be a rash prophet indeed who would base any predictions whatsoever upon this first handful of 24,000-odd votes. Next week, the results, even in the States represented, may be entirely different. Later, as other States join the big parade, the vote may switch again and again. What the final showing will be nobody can tell.

Meanwhile, however, it is interesting to analyze these preliminary returns in THE DIGEST'S great 10,000,000-ballot test of public sentiment—the latest of many polls which always have forecast election results with high accuracy. As a glance at the table on this page will show, four States are represented—Maine, New Jersey, New York, President Roosevelt's home State, and Pennsylvania.

In each of the four the early percentages are heavily in favor of Gov. Alfred M. Landon, Republican nominee. Maine gives him 1,831 ballots, to 522 for Roosevelt. New Jersey casts 2,660 votes for Landon and 1,621 for Roosevelt.

First Results—New York, rich political prize with its forty-seven electoral votes, starts the ball rolling by giving Landon 5,931 and Roosevelt 2,724. Pennsylvania, traditionally Republican but marked out as another great battle-ground this year, makes its bow with 5,634 votes for Landon and 2,778 for Roosevelt.

In all, these four States are represented with 16,056 ballots for Landon, 7,645 for Roosevelt and 754 for Lemke.

For the Kansas Governor it is an excellent showing as he and Roosevelt and Lemke toe the mark in THE DIGEST's Presidential Poll. But it must be repeated that these figures are only the first lot of the hundreds of thousands to be received.

Furthermore, none of these ballots came from any of the great metropolitan areas where President Roosevelt's strength is claimed by so many political observers to be greatest. So, it may be said that if Landon's adherents feel elated, Roosevelt supporters need not feel depressed. Next week's figures may show an entirely different result, and there may be many switches thereafter.

What the political dopesters will look for in this first tabulation, and those to come, are the switches from 1932. From them they will try to forecast the trend this year. Here again, the very smallness of the present vote, makes prophecy a hazardous business, but it is interesting to note the trends revealed.

In Maine, "the barometer State," Landon gets 246 who voted for Roosevelt in 1932, as compared with 85 who then voted Republican and now favor Roosevelt.

In New Jersey, Landon gets 407 who were Democratic in 1932, while Roosevelt takes over 304 Republican voters.

—Jerry Costello in Associated Gannett Newspapers

New York Votes—In New York, Landon gets 1,146 Democratic votes, while 509 who voted Republican in 1932 switch to the President.

In Pennsylvania, 915 Democrats vote for Landon and 509 Republicans for Roosevelt.

But those who have their eye on switches probably will turn first to the vote for Representative William Lemke, nominee of the Union Party—the Third Party "threat." His total vote to-day is tiny, indeed; only 754, or slightly more than 3 per cent. of the total of 24,689 shown in the table.

What will he do later? What showing will he make when we begin hearing from Minnesota, the Dakotas and other great farm States where his strength is said to be greatest? From whom will he draw the greater number of votes, Roosevelt or Landon? Will he help Landon by drawing support from the President, or will it be the other way? These questions are bubbling in the minds of political observers as they seek to assay Third Party strength. Lemke has the backing of three dissident factions or leaders—Father Coughlin, the radio

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First Report "Literary Digest" 1936 Presidential Poll

	Landon 1936 Total Vote for State	How the Same Voters Voted in the 1932 Election						*Roosevelt 1936 Total Vote for State*	How the Same Voters Voted in the 1932 Election					*Lemke 1936 Total Vote for State*	How the Same Voters Voted in the 1932 Election					
		Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated		Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated		Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated
MAINE	*1,831*	1,456	246	1	.....	61	67	*522*	85	388	7	.....	27	15	*70*	21	39	2	.....	2	6
NEW JERSEY	*2,660*	1,996	407	17	.....	129	111	*1,621*	304	1,103	68	.....	94	52	*156*	20	112	2	.....	7	15
NEW YORK	*5,931*	4,335	1,146	26	3	211	210	*2,724*	509	1,888	80	1	128	118	*313*	44	230	6	.....	13	20
PENNSYLVANIA	*5,634*	4,173	915	29	3	223	291	*2,778*	509	1,978	41	1	130	119	*215*	33	140	7	.....	16	19
Totals	16,056	*11,960*	*2,714*	*73*	*6*	*624*	*679*	7,645	*1,407*	*5,357*	*196*	*2*	*379*	*304*	754	*118*	*521*	*17*	.....	*38*	*60*

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MINOR CANDIDATES

	Thomas 1936 Votes	*Browder 1936 Votes*	*Colvin 1936 Votes*	*Aiken 1936 Votes*	*Others 1936 Votes*
MAINE.....	12	4	3	1	—
NEW JERSEY..	30	28	4	5	2
NEW YORK....	41	25	10	3	8
PENNSYLVANIA.	26	13	17	2	—
Totals.....	*109*	*70*	*34*	*11*	*10*

priest; the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, credited with being the head of the Share-Our-Wealth organization, and Dr. Francis E. Townsend, elderly fighter for old-age pension legislation.

Lemke Problem—How much strength will they be able to throw to Lemke? To-day, that is anybody's guess. Glancing at the first ballots cast for Lemke in the four States, we find that in Maine he has won thirty-nine who voted Democratic in 1932 as compared with twenty-one who voted Republican. In New Jersey, he has captured 112 Democrats to 20 Republicans; in New York, 230 Democrats and 44 Republicans; in Pennsylvania, 140 Democrats and 33 Republicans.

Political eyes will keep sharp watch of the Lemke vote. By the time the Poll is completed—long before the Election is held—we should know exactly what effect he will have on the Roosevelt-Landon battle. We should know exactly how Roosevelt and Landon will fare. For this Poll of 1936 is being conducted in precisely the same manner as the many others which have proved nearly 100 per cent. correct every time in pointing out the winner long before he won.

[*See page 4 for biographical material on four minor candidates.*]

BALLOTS IN DIXIE: Harrison and Byrnes Win Fights in Southern Primaries

"Extra! Extra! The Dutch have taken Holland," Republicans scoffed last week when word flashed north of New Deal victories in Mississippi and South Carolina, two of the most solidly Democratic States in the solidly Democratic South.

But New Deal Democrats, delighted, exulted in the smashing primary victories—equivalent to election—of Mississippi's Senator Pat Harrison and South Carolina's Senator James F. Byrnes, Roosevelt stalwarts. Both men, they pointed out, won renomination from opponents either cool or downright hostile to the Roosevelt New Deal.

Crossroads Debates—Senator Harrison, particularly, found the campaign-going rough. Running for the Senatorial nomination against ex-Gov. Martin S. Conner, he worried when the latter won the support of Senator Theodore G. Bilbo, a rabble-rouser of rare repute. In and out of every creek-fork and crossroads went Bilbo, a little man with a large head, red tie and diamond horseshoe pin, slambanging away at Harrison in his canebreak drawl, seeking for Conner the votes of the one-gallus boys he has so often won for himself.

Up and down the State went Harrison, tall, stooped, ruddy, the inevitable black cigar clamped in lips or fingers. "I have not stooped to the garbage-can of personalities," he boasted. Nevertheless, adopting a formula worthy of Bilbo himself, he referred to Conner throughout the campaign as "Bilbo's baby" and "Bilbo's tootsy-wootsy." For the rest, he ran on his record as an unvarying supporter of the New Deal, while pro-Harrison newspaper editorials warned that his defeat would be called a Roosevelt defeat up North. Result: a two-to-one Harrison victory and an unexpected setback for Bilbo.

Even more striking was the Byrnes renomination in South Carolina, by the largest majority in the history of the State. It is an old South Carolina custom that candidates tour the court-house towns together in a long series of political debates. Senator Byrnes followed the custom, appearing all over the State with two opponents, Thomas P. Stoney, former Mayor of Charleston, and Col. William C. Harllee, retired Marine, both of whom achieved the miracle of being against the New Deal without being against President Roosevelt.

Rolling Tide—Slight, courtly and youthful-looking despite his fifty-seven years, Senator Byrnes eschewed all wrangling and ran on his record and that of the Administration. To the delight of New Dealers, he piled up roughly 225,000 votes, while his opponents gathered thirty-odd thousand.

One other drop of comfort also fell into the New Deal cup last week to fill it to overflowing. In the California primaries Frank H. Buck, anti-Townsendite, won the Democratic nomination for Congress from Sheridan Downey, Doctor Townsend's vigorous, desk-pounding attorney. Townsendites belittle this setback, however, and declare that, of twenty Californians they indorsed for Congressional nominations, eleven were victorious.

Editorial Views—As a matter of fact, says the Pasadena *Star News* (Ind.-Rep.), California's primary results "offer no conclusive evidence either as to the relative strength of the two Parties next November or as to the strength of the Townsend movement within the Parties." But other California papers disagree. The Alturas *Plaindealer* (Rep.), for example, thinks they showed that Townsendites are strong in California, and the Kingsburg *Recorder* (Dem.) that "California appears safely Democratic."

Mississippi and South Carolina are safely Democratic anyhow, editors whimsically agree.

"The remarkable thing" to the New York *Sun* (Ind.-Rep.) "is not that loyal Democratic Senators should have been renominated in such States as Mississippi and South Carolina, but that a campaign against the New Deal should have been launched in South Carolina and that a Roosevelt lieutenant of the standing of Pat Harrison should have had serious opposition.

"The plane on which the Mississippi campaign was conducted may be judged by the fact that one of the charges against Senator Harrison was that he played golf, a grave accusation countered by the explanation by his partizans that he doesn't like the game, but plays it on his physician's orders."

Another paper, the Washington *Evening Star* (Ind.) takes a fling at Senator Byrnes. As *The Evening Star* sees it, "the Senator asks another term in the upper branch of the National Legislature because he has had something to do with getting no less than $232,000,000 of 'outside' money for his constituents. But what will those whose earnings have been expropriated to that end think?"

In South Carolina, the Georgetown *Times* declares:

"The huge majority given Byrnes does not necessarily mean that South Carolinians are behind Roosevelt. Democratic bosses of the State realize that, if the Democratic Administration returns to power in November, Byrnes can get more from the Federal Government for South Carolina than any one who could have been elected."

But this is one of the few sour notes struck on the typewriters of Mississippi and South Carolina newspaper editors. Far more typically sweet are the editorials of the Anderson (S. C.) *Daily Mail* and the Columbia (Miss.) *Daily Commercial Dispatch*.

Says *The Mail:* "The record-smashing vote given Byrnes, swamping his two anti-New Deal opponents by a margin of seven to one, tells clearly the story of how South Carolina stands on Roosevelt and his policies. The issue was well established and the verdict emphatically convincing. The

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Loser and two victors: Sheridan Downey, defeated Townsendite, and Senators Byrnes and Harrison

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result should stimulate loyal Democrats elsewhere."

And *The Dispatch:* "The Senatorial primary in Mississippi in which Senator Pat Harrison was nominated by the largest majority ever given a Senatorial candidate accomplished two things: it gave notice to the nation that Mississippi is backing President Roosevelt and the New Deal to the limit, and it repudiated and condemned political demagogery that has cursed the State for a quarter of a century. The days of demagogs in Mississippi are gone, thank Heaven."

That "demagogery" reference is one in the eye for Bilbo.

TOURING PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

Roosevelt Sees Drought Effects; Landon Ends Eastern Swing

ROOSEVELT

A sleek Pierce Arrow purred away from the White House portico one night last week. In it, looking healthy and happy, sat President Roosevelt, bound for the Union Station and a "non-political" tour of the drought regions of the West.

A special train awaited him on Track 30. Drawn by one of the B. & O.'s biggest locomotives, it was nine-cars long and air-conditioned throughout. On the rear was the President's private car, the *Pioneer*.

The President boarded it, Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, WPA Administrator Harry L. Hopkins, an army of Secret Service men and other members of the party climbed on.

Accompanied by cool weather and showers, President Roosevelt opened his survey at Bismarck, North Dakota. Official business over, he took a fifty-mile automobile drive around the parched areas. Dust-covered, he visited WPA dams and farms.

Presidential Colloquy — "Everything is burned up. I haven't harvested a thing," Farmer J. J. Boehme told him. "Well, everything is going to be all right," the President reassured.

"I'm glad to see you have turkeys and chickens too," he told Farmer Mike Helman. "I got the stuff, but nothing to feed them," the farmer replied. As he prepared to drive off, the President reached out to shake Helman's hand. "Hang on to the chickens and turkeys," he advised.

Next stops were Jamestown, North Dakota, and Aberdeen, South Dakota, where he saw fields and pastures baked a dull brown, a land almost without cattle. Again he took auto trips.

At Oakes, South Dakota, a band in bright red uniforms showed up with the Governor, Tom Berry. A girl in a flimsy lavender gown and a glittering crown handed up an armful of gladioli and the train swept on, conferences, business and small talk sharing the progress of the cars.

Arriving at Pierre, South Dakota, the party was greeted by another crowd, both sides being in good humor. "We'll certainly take care of you until the Lord sends us more rain next spring," the President declared. "We could hardly do less for the sake of all the children I see around here in such great numbers. In fact there are so many children you might call it a true Roosevelt crowd."

Next day at Rapid City, South Dakota, the President stood by as five blasts of dynamite hurtled rocks into the valley below the Mount Rushmore Memorial, where Gutzon Borglum, sculptor, was the host. The sculped features of Thomas Jefferson on the mountain side were unveiled for him, where those of Washington and Lincoln likewise were sculped in stone.

The President then left for Salt Lake City to attend the funeral services for the late Secretary of War, George Dern.

LANDON

"We have Landon groggy. Your punch is all that is needed," James A. Farley, Democratic National Chairman, wired to Kansas Democrats last week.

But last week's ringside accounts of the political fight show Gov. Alf M. Landon delivering as well as receiving blows. The arenas he selected for his two most important appearances were the amphitheater at Chautauqua, New York, and the baseball grounds at Buffalo.

Twelve thousand Chautauquans raised their arms high and waved white handkerchiefs—their salute for distinguished guests—when Governor Landon walked on the platform. Fresh from Pennsylvania, where he had revisited boyhood haunts at Conneautville and delivered a speech at West Middlesex, his birthplace, he had traveled to the New York religious and cultural center on his special campaign train.

At West Middlesex he had spoken, largely in generalities, on the American way of life. At Chautauqua, more specific, he struck out, first, at "use of the machinery of the Federal Government to maintain the present Administration in power," and then, unexpectedly, at one of his own supporters, William Randolph Hearst.

Stand on Teachers—Teachers' oath laws, which have been passed in nearly half the States and require educators to take a special pledge of loyalty to the Constitution and the Government, are Mr. Hearst's special pet. And Mr. Hearst, in and out of his twenty-seven newspapers, has been banging the drum for Landon early and late. Yet at Chautauqua, in the full glare of floodlights and thrusting forward his head for emphasis, Governor Landon declared: "In Kansas we insist that no teacher should be required to take any oath not required of all other citizens."

Off to Buffalo next day, the Governor arrived at the Union Railroad Station to receive one of the warmest receptions of his campaign trip through the East.

A Law Assailed—But chilly, rainy weather kept the audience down to 20,000 when he spoke on taxation and finance in the ball park next evening. The loudest roar of approval sounded when he called the Surplus Tax Bill, passed last spring, "the most cock-eyed piece of tax legislation ever imposed in a modern country."

Back in Topeka after a brief visit to Lincoln's tomb in Springfield, Illinois, and several back-platform speeches in that State and Missouri, Governor Landon congratulated himself on getting rid of an attack of pleurisy which bothered him when he started his Eastern trip at Estes Park, Colorado. He wondered whether bending over the rear platform to shake hands with well-wishers had cured him of the stitch in his side. At any rate, he set down his invasion of the East as "very satisfactory."

SCRAPS OF PAPER: They're Retrieved From Waste-Baskets in Senate Labor Inquiry

Robert Wohlforth, Secretary of the Senate Subcommittee dealing with civil liberties, says his favorite pastime these days would be sleeping—"if I could get any of it." But if he could, bits of paper fluttering about like confetti might plague his dreams.

Scraps of real paper, retrieved from waste-baskets and reconstructed into evidence for the Committee's investigation of labor espionage, sent reporters scurrying last week to Wohlforth, who used to be a newspaper man himself.

Charges that industrialists were hiring men to interfere with collective bargaining and break up strikes were brought by the National Labor Relations Board in April before the Subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor. The Subcommittee, headed by Senator Robert M. La Follette, Wisconsin Progressive, and including Senator Elbert Thomas of Utah, and Senator Louis Murphy of Iowa (killed since in an automobile accident), obtained $15,000 from the Senate to investigate.

They called Wohlforth from his little white Colonial home in Ridgefield, Connecticut, to collect the data. Wohlforth, a West Point graduate, had done research for Senator Nye's Munitions Committee. Under him, they put four paid investigators.

A slender man of medium height, Wohlforth has a pointed chin, brown eyes, a bristly, reddish-brown mustache. He is seldom seen without a pipe. With the La Follette Committee he draws $300 a month. He could and did make much more as a free-lance writer, but he likes his job.

Net Outspread—Several weeks ago the La Follette Committee sent out twenty-one subpenas to officials of detective agencies and summoned six officials of one, the Railway Audit and Inspection Company, to appear before the Committee with its records on August 21.

On that day, Senator La Follette sat impatiently on the crescent-shaped dais in Room 357 of the Senate Office Building and waited for them to show up. They didn't. Instead, their counsel finally reported that they regarded the investigation as unconstitutional. They sought court action to prevent the Committee from getting the information it wanted.

But Government men, in preparation for the hearings, had gone to the offices of the Railway Audit and Inspection Company at New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and Atlanta, to serve the subpenas and gather records and documents. With the help of charwomen and office building managers, they gathered up all the torn paper tossed into the office buildings' waste-baskets.

Pieced together, the scraps of paper indicated that the company had helped various employers keep tabs on their workers. To Senator La Follette, the jigsaw evidence and the failure of the company officials to appear spelled contumacy—intentional disobedience of a rule of a court or legislature. The investigation marked time while he prepared to prosecute.

It was the first time a Congressional Committee had been able to start contempt proceedings without permission of the full

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House or Senate. A law passed at the last session to permit action during the summer (which was let slide) against Dr. F. E. Townsend, who had defied inquiry into his revolving pensions scheme, gives investigators the power to prosecute.

Previous Flurries—It was not the first time that Congressional inquisitors had acted against their defiers. Waste-paper basket evidence in connection with air-mail contracts got William P. MacCracken, President Hoover's Assistant Secretary of Commerce, in hot water in 1934. Last year, Howard C. Hopson of New York was able to purge himself of contempt in the utility lobby investigation.

The Teapot Dome scandal, which brought a $500 fine and three months' imprisonment to Harry F. Sinclair in 1924, began the Congressional investigation as it is known to-day—a sort of supergrand jury. The espionage investigation is one of twenty now pending in Congress. Four others are actively under way—into railway financing, the overlapping of Federal agencies, lobbying and bankruptcies.

Press Comment—Original authority comes from a law permitting Congressional committees to inquire into subjects of legislation. Paul Mallon, writing in *The New York Times Magazine*, holds that their real purpose, however, is "to whoop up public sentiment on some subject or another so that legislation can be passed easily through Congress.

"Both the grand jurists and the defendants employ publicity advisers, officially or unofficially, for that purpose. The hearings succeed or fail according to the degree in which they attract public attention. In the effort to win popular interest they have developed many of the finer hidden arts of stage-craft.

"The all-star stock market production cost more than a quarter of a million dollars (exactly $260,000) but it was worth the money, judged from the publicity standpoint alone, for it caused about 1,500,000 words to be dispatched by telegraph from the hearing-room."

The espionage developments are working toward the enactment of new legislation, in the view of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, which editorializes:

"Whatever the outcome of the action which Senator La Follette threatens, the obstruction gives the hearings much more public attention than they would otherwise win.

"Testimony of the Senate's agents tells of the destruction of a company's correspondence. Such tactics are usually short-sighted. When there is such a desperate effort to hide facts, the public is the more eager to learn what the facts are."

BLACKSNAKE WIELDERS:

More Seized as Michigan Gets Details of Fantastic Plotting

In the late summer of 1936, the American Revolution broke with full fury. On September 16, without warning, the Black Legion seized the State Government in Michigan. Secretly armed and summoned to their prearranged posts by radio, thousands of Black Legionnaires descended on Government buildings, police stations and transportation terminals. Cowering officials were hauled out of their beds, lined up against convenient walls and shot. The hysterical populace awoke to find hooded night-riders organized along the lines of the Ku Klux Klan in complete control.

Rapidly, the bloody revolt spread—

Acme

His disappearance gave Michigan authorities new worries: Virgil F. ("Bert") Effinger

Not an excerpt from a history of the future, but prophecy based on affidavits submitted to a one-man jury in Detroit last month—prophecy that faded still further into the realm of fantasy as Michigan drew its net more tightly about the Black Legion.

More than fifty men were held on various charges; authorities were still on the hunt. Stories of death plots in Highland Park, Detroit suburb, raised to twenty-four the number of alleged Legionnaires indicted by hefty Circuit Judge James E. Chenot for criminal syndicalism.

Last week also the first Black Legion case to come to trial was cleaned up when Circuit Judge Joseph Moynihan sentenced three Legionnaires convicted two weeks earlier of falsely imprisoning a rebellious fellow member. Eleven Legionnaires faced trial early this week for the "ritual murder" of Charles A. Poole, WPA worker, in Detroit on May 12. Five more will be tried September 9 for killing a Negro hod-carrier in 1935, "just for the fun of it."

Lone Juror—Since the Poole slaying uncovered the existence of the terrorist cult, Judge Chenot has been sitting alone as a Grand Jury listening to witnesses presented by stocky Chester P. O'Hara, Assistant Attorney General of Michigan.

Interwoven in the picture presented to him of a major conspiracy to overthrow the Government were minor plots. A Detroit city bacteriologist was dismissed after he admitted to Prosecutor Duncan McCrea of Detroit that he had received, but not reported, a suggestion that typhoid germs be placed in milk and cottage cheese delivered to Jews. A Black Legion printer informed investigators that Legionnaires actually talked of throwing bombs into public meetings, schools and automobiles; spurting poison gas through keyholes; jabbing persons "in the streets and theaters" with hypodermic needles "that would produce death." Other affidavits revealed alleged plans to kill a city official and a newspaper publisher in Highland Park.

The echo of blacksnake whips cracking and of fists smacking wavering members ran through the testimony. Once having taken the bullet-sealed oath, it was worth a member's life to try to get out.

The disappearance of bulky Virgil F. (Bert) Effinger last week from his frame house on a dirt street in a middle-class neighborhood of Lima, Ohio, prompted Michigan authorities to demand his extradition, later authorized by Ohio's Governor Davey. From behind a huge desk in the basement of his home, Effinger directed the reputed 6,000,000 members of the Black Legion, according to Prosecutor McCrea.

Phrase Boomer—At his extradition hearing last week, Effinger, a dark-eyed electrical contractor sixty-three years old, sat coatless, displaying bold suspenders, chewing tobacco, mopping his brow and yawning. When he speaks, he booms such phrases as "the American way," "blood of our forefathers," "the Constitution must be protected." When he writes, he misspells many words.

Paradoxically, the criminal syndicalism law with which Michigan wants to trap Effinger has been invoked chiefly against Communists, who share with Catholics, Jews and Negroes the Black Legion's hate.

The statute, passed in 1919, provides penalties for any person convicted of having "advocated or taught the duty or necessity of crime, sabotage, violence or other unlawful methods of terrorism as a means of accomplishing industrial or political reform."

In August, 1922, Communists held a national convention in the sand-dunes near Bridgman, Michigan. Seventy-five of them were arrested in a raid. William Z. Foster and Charles E. Ruthenberg, Communist leaders, were tried. Ruthenberg was convicted, and the Michigan Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the criminal syndicalism statute upon appeal.

"NATURAL" ENVOY: Bullitt, Going to Paris, Knows High French Officials by First Names

"Simply delighted," beamed William Christian Bullitt in Washington as he dashed from the State Department to Embassies and friends and back to the State Department again.

Bullitt, Philadelphia millionaire and American Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., last week accepted the appointment of President Roosevelt to be the eleventh United States Ambassador to France. He succeeds Jesse Isidor Straus, who resigned because of ill health.

Known unofficially in diplomatic circles as a "natural" for any diplomatic position because of his wealth, education, travels, experience in world affairs and hob-nobbing capacities with foreign diplomats, Bullitt is considered an ideal choice for the new post. So ideal, it is said, that he will be one of the few ambassadors who will not stump for President Roosevelt's reelection. Executive concern over European conditions is compelling him to embark for France on September 23, aboard the United States liner *Washington*.

Two Pals—Accompanying him on the trip will be his two best pals: eleven-year-old daughter, Anne, and his West Highland

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terrier, Piepie, veteran of twenty-three transatlantic crossings. During the interim before sailing, Bullitt will divide his time between his farm in Vermont and the State Department.

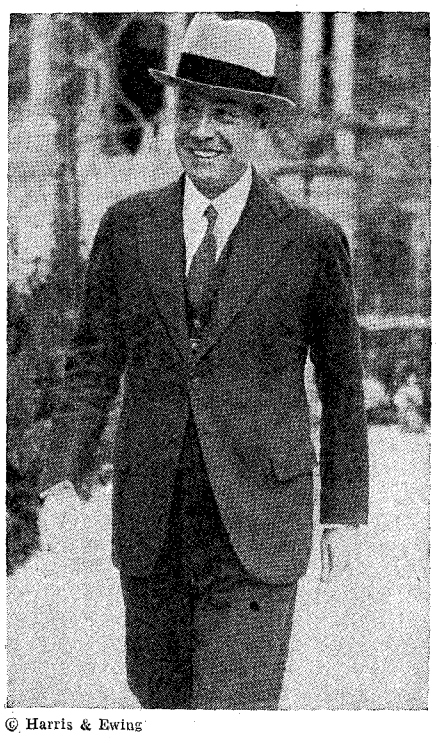
Paris already is preparing to welcome the new American Ambassador as an old friend. As far back as he can remember of his forty-five years, Bullitt has visited the French Capital at least once annually. In recent years this often has been two or three times. From 1915 to 1917 he was there periodically as a foreign correspondent; in 1918-19 he was a member of President Wilson's Committee to Negotiate Peace; in 1932 he bobbed up as an unofficial investigator of foreign conditions for incoming President Roosevelt; in 1933 he visited the Quai d'Orsay as a Special Assistant to the Secretary of State.

The rest of his time in Paris has been his own business. For more than ten years he has kept an apartment on the Rue Ponthieu, opposite a little bistro where French and American newspaper men congregate. Known to them as "Bill," he nevertheless has kept his hide-out impregnable: there is no telephone, and a vigilant *concierge* parries with any visitor.

Precedent Setter—He intends to keep this hide-out, moreover, as Ambassador to France. Setting unusual precedents is no new event for him. In Moscow he often drove friends home at two in the morning rather than wake his chauffeur; likewise, seeing any clerk *en route* to the Embassy, he would offer a lift. He can be seen in the most exclusive restaurants and the most popular cafés. Bernard Fay, French commentator, wrote of him several years ago:

"Mr. Bullitt is still very young, but he is very bald. He terrifies the dowagers, the serious Senators and the more cautious of Mr. Roosevelt's friends and fascinates the ambitious."

If possible, Bullitt now is more bald, with only a neatly trimmed fringe of black hair below the hat-line of his head. Ruddy complexioned and robust, he often is enthusiastic. He is not a suave diplomat of the old school, and his more democratic manner in Moscow horrified staid members of the diplomatic corps; it delighted the Russians, however. Altho no linguist of eight- or nine-tongue ability, as are many international career men, Bullitt is fluent in French, with German and Russian as runners-up. He blushes easily.



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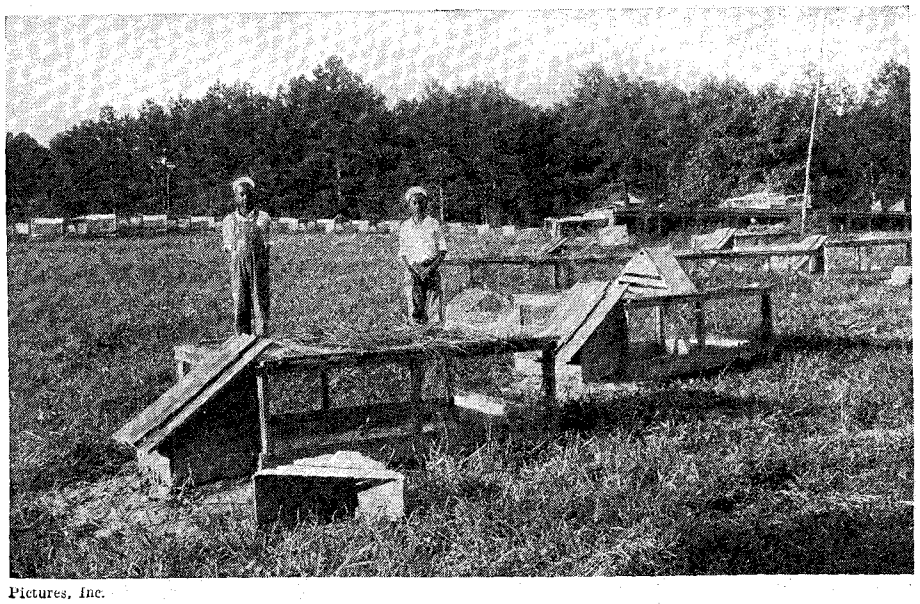
Ambassador Bullitt: cheery and democratic

First Names—On arriving in Paris, Ambassador William Christian Bullitt will greet French high officials whom he knows by their first names.

Not so long ago, Bullitt was asked what he thought of the Roosevelt Administration. In most unambassadorial tones, he blandly replied: "They're the nicest bunch I've every played around with."



Pictures, Inc.

Glimpse of Mr. Bishop's quail farm, for sale if New Deal wins in November

PATRIOTIC UPROAR: Canada Adds Its Word as New Dealer Jumps on Quail Farm Anti

Julian T. Bishop, suave New York broker, who can't stomach the New Deal, is traveling in California. Samuel Kipnis, genial Long Island container company executive, who relishes the New Deal, is off to Texas on business. Both were publicly silent last week, but their colloquy over a quail farm carried on across the border of the United States into Canada.

It had started with a four-inch advertisement in the July issue of the *Game Breeder and Sportsman*, published in New York. "In the Event that Roosevelt is Reelected!" glared in big black letters across the top. At the bottom, in even bigger letters, appeared the name of Julian T. Bishop.

In between, Mr. Bishop announced that he was prepared to sell his entire Horseshoe Quail Farm near Carthage, North Carolina, and move to Canada in the event of a New Deal victory in November. The property, "complete, and with sufficient equipment in good condition to raise between 5,000 and 6,000 quail," carried with it a large log cabin, shooting privileges on 20,000 acres.

Angry Citizen—Mr. Bishop, who is forty-six years old and has a home in Greenwich, Connecticut, thinks, it developed, that if Mr. Roosevelt is reelected "we will go through hell four more years" and he doesn't want "any part of it." To him, everything the Administration has done is "haywire," "red as fire," inspired by "a bunch of fellows who were in Harvard when I was in Yale," working "just on theory with a lot of socialistic ideas in their heads."

Mr. Bishop, reported to have lost $188,100 in stock market operations between 1929 and 1933, gets an annual income from a trust fund provided by his grandfather, William D. Bishop, once President of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, a stanch Democrat, who left an estate of $2,165,984. Probate records show that Mr. Bishop received $11,451 from this fund in February, 1936.

In the August issue of the *Game Breeder and Sportsman* a buyer showed up for the quail farm along the green and hilly banks of North Carolina's Horseshoe River. Another advertiser, unnamed, convinced that "since Roosevelt tackled America's recovery job, the toughest and most important since 1776, the wealth of the nation has sky-rocketed from the zero point in 1932," was willing to purchase the farm, if the price were fair, at once, without waiting for the election, plus a one-way ticket to Canada for Mr. Bishop.

Ready Buyer—It turned out that the potential purchaser was Mr. Kipnis, who is forty-nine years old and has always wanted a country estate before he is fifty. He upped his offer of a one-way ticket to Canada from railway to air passage, remarking "the sooner a man like that gets out of the country the better."

Mr. Kipnis came to America from Russia when he was a boy and was educated in night schools here, he says, "not to sell the American people short."

"I have enough confidence in the United States and the Administration to buy everything he wants to sell," he added.

Meanwhile, taking Mr. Bishop at his word, the County Game Protector at Raleigh, North Carolina, refused to renew the broker's deputy game warden commission because "I am sure Mr. Roosevelt will be our next President and I have no authority to have you appointed in Canada."

Ontario Stirred—Then last week, Canada put in its two-bits' worth.

"The Dominion does not propose to constitute itself a dumping ground for United States tax-dodgers," David A. Croll, Minister of Public Welfare of Ontario, wrote

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to Mr. Kipnis's real estate agents, "nor encourage them to run away from their obligations rather than take their licking like men, nor do we particularly welcome the thought of an influx of disgruntled United States brokers."

On the ground that "his opposition to constitutional authority in the United States proves him to be an undesirable," Mr. Kroll pledged himself to try to keep Mr. Bishop out of Canada.

DIVERS' TREASURE: New Expeditions Combing Bottom of Sea for Sunken Gold

Maybe the "fishy eye" got that way from staring at so many divers, movie cameramen, treasure-hunters and Hollywood mermaids at the bottom of the sea.

Certainly the treasure-hunters are giving their piscatorial pals plenty to stare at these days. Three expeditions are launched and a dozen planned to seek the estimated $21,000,000,000 in gold underseas.

In the waters off Cape Henry, Virginia, is the schooner *Constellation,* bent on salvaging "sunken treasures." During the contemplated sixty days of quest, an attempt will be made to locate the hulk of the old Ward liner *Merida,* sunk in 1911, as well as that of a British paymaster's ship, lost during Revolutionary War days.

From Providence, Rhode Island, the Essex fishing smack *Nellie L. Parmenter* is *en route* to sudden wealth believed to lie off the Delaware Capes, where the British sloop-of-war *Braak* capsized and sank in 1798, presumably carrying gold.

The third treasure party has been sent from Nova Scotia aboard the tug *Reliance* for salvaging forays off Norfolk, Virginia.

Gaudy Searchers—Most elaborate and gayest of these expeditions is that of the *Constellation,* one of the last big sailing ships which spurns auxiliary power. For three years a floating night-club, the Maine-built craft is a gaudy affair of silver and red-striped cabins.

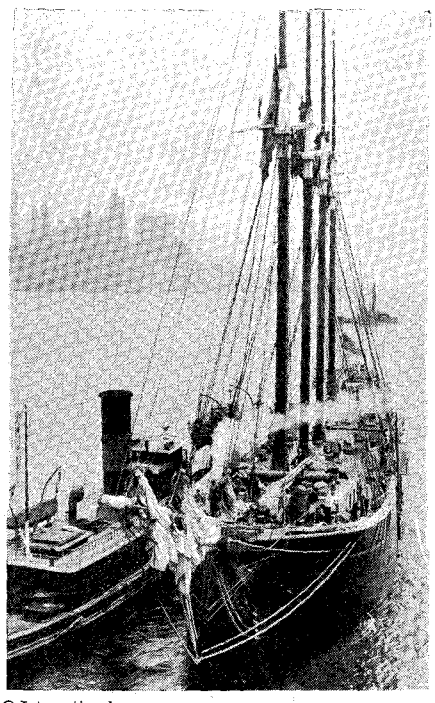
Going along to do the actual work is Ray Hansen, U. S. Navy diver who brought up the submarines *S-4* and *S-51,* and also the 600 victims of the lake steamship *Eastland* in the Chicago River in 1915.

The *Merida* went down in forty fathoms of water, fifty miles off the Virginia Capes, following a collision with the fruit steamer *Admiral Farragut,* May 12, 1911. She is believed to be lying on a gravel bottom about fifty-four miles to the southeast of Cape Charles, in water about 270 feet deep.

This ship is believed to have carried anywhere from $4,000,000 to $26,000,000 in gold, silver, mahogany and jewels owned by wealthy Mexicans fleeing after the fall of the Diaz régime. Legends have circulated that gems of the Emperor Maximilian were aboard.

Wreck Traced—Five previous expeditions have failed to salvage this treasure, altho once, in 1924, the hulk was located. This was when the Sea Hawks, a group headed by Anthony J. Drexel, after a six-months search, came across the wreck, but when a storm arose were unable to continue. This year, the idea of making another stab at it appealed to a group of wealthy young men, who invested $250,000 in the *Constellation's* hunt.

Another of the best-known hulks is the



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The "Constellation": in quest of sunken gold

Lusitania, but experts have long ceased to believe that she will reveal any great treasure. Some $200,000 in currency and personal valuables are known to have been aboard, and a $100,000 necklace is said to have been in one cabin. But the currency has been canceled by the various Governments; and the steel plating, well mangled, is estimated at only about 50 cents a ton, whereas that of the *Titanic* was worth $15.

For many years, the Gulf of Mexico has been the scene of searches for the legendary wealth of Lafitte's predatory conquests. From the Keys of Florida to Point Island at the mouth of the Rio Grande, adventurous souls still hope some day to find the gold and jewelry of the notorious blacksmith-shopkeeper of New Orleans.

The *S. S. Islander,* which sank off the coast of Alaska in 1901, was believed to have a cargo of $3,000,000 from the Klondike gold-fields. In 1932, divers located $3,700 worth of the bright metal. It is now contended that the passengers tied enough gold to their bodies to drown them.

Locksmith Strategist—There's one catch to finding treasure, according to Charles Courtney, a leading American locksmith. In 1932, when Japanese and German salvagers had failed, he was asked to join an Italian expedition to salvage gold from the *Egypt,* sunk in a crash in 1932 off the coast of Finistère. The prize was a British steamer reputedly carrying $5,000,000.

The wreck was located. When the steel plates guarding the safe room had been blown away, Courtney went down and looked at the large steel safes, built into the ship. The tumblers of the safes were all traced, the combination solved and the gold salvaged. Yet by the time the various Governments claimed large taxes, there was little left for the men.

It was this which prompted salvagers to cease looking for gold in the sunken British cruiser *Hampshire.* Of it, $250,000 worth was removed last year, but the British Government claimed three-fourths of it, so the searchers shrugged their shoulders and said—"what the . . ."

It wasn't worth it.

THE CAMPAIGN IN EYES OF COLUMNISTS

They Find Salient Points to Stress as Political Kettle Boils

Heywood Broun, United Feature Syndicate, Inc., in thirty-six newspapers: "Alf M. Landon's speech at West Middlesex, Pennsylvania, ought to lose him the large golfing vote in the United States. They put the speakers' stand up on the first tee of the Tam O'Shanter course, but the Governor did not choose to drive. His oration was a short and timid put. As a matter of fact, Alf has yet to use the wood in any of his addresses.

"So far he's short on every shot. . . . His swing seems to be patterned upon that of another oil man—John D. Rockefeller, Sr. The club head travels through only half the arc. Governor Landon keeps all his weight on his right foot, with no more than a suggestion of a pivot. Most of the work is done with the wrists, particularly the right one. He takes a good deal of turf and leaves it up to Chairman Hamilton to replace the divots."

Hugh S. Johnson, United Feature Syndicate, Inc., in thirty newspapers (permission New York *World-Telegram*):

"In spite of their weaseling, hedging and political obscurities, the campaign speeches of Governor Landon and of Knox, candidate for Vice President, really reveal one definite formula. It is this—that if Government will take its hands off business, agriculture and employment and let prices, wages and production seek their natural level, consumption will surge forward, which will start production, which will give jobs, which will wipe out unemployment and end the depression. . . .

"You have here the one clear-cut issue of the election. Because this is almost the precise reverse of the essential theory of the New Deal. . . . Some of the application of the New Deal idea has been perfectly atrocious, but the proposal to kick the up crowd and idea out and put the down crowd and idea back seems to this writer to be the most impudent aspersion on the sanity of the American electorate in recent years."

David Lawrence, New York *Sun* and 160 other newspapers: "I made inquiries here [in Idaho] and found that among independent Republicans and independent Democrats there is a genuine eagerness to know more about the Landon philosophy. Generalities will hardly do any more than mere negative criticism of Mr. Roosevelt.

"Thus, notwithstanding all the criticism of Roosevelt, there is a kindly regard for him even among those who will vote against him. They appreciate the fact, as so many express it, that 'he tried to do something.' They will not be swayed by bitter attacks on him. This plainly indicates that Governor Landon has a job of affirmative campaigning to turn the West.

"Strangely enough, many of the topics that the East boils over about are not mentioned here. The principal underlying trend, however, is one of fear that the New Deal Administration will produce a chaotic

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financial situation. It amounts almost to a tremor that is discernible in the tone of comments by farmer and city folk alike."

Drew Pearson and **Robert S. Allen**, United Feature Syndicate, Inc., in 287 newspapers: "Despite Big Jim Farley's breezy bravado and the confident announcements of other New Deal chiefs, the truth is that among themselves they are taking nothing for granted, are girding their loins for a grim and bitter fight. The complete plan of strategy of the Roosevelt attack is still undecided. In a large measure it will depend on the kind of campaign Landon makes.

"That is why this first stump tour is being scanned so carefully. On the basis of his performance and any other inside information obtained, the Roosevelt drive will be gaged. If Landon proves himself an effective back-platform performer, watch the President undertake some wide swings through the country in September and October."

Frank R. Kent, Baltimore *Sun* and McNaught Syndicate, Inc.: "An effort is being made to have President Roosevelt make a conciliatory gesture and say a few reassuring words to certain 'princes of privilege' and 'economic royalists' in New York, alleged at the moment to be deeply disturbed in their minds and ripe for plucking. The idea is that some move of this sort on the part of the President might bring out for him one or two of the most powerful of these, thus breaking the solidity with which the business interests are opposing him and lessening the risk of defeat.

". . . The question in the Presidential mind, however, is whether by delivering a message such as suggested he might not lose more radical support to Mr. Lemke than he can afford. It will be interesting to see how he works it out. Pressure for such a speech comes from Mr. Roosevelt's own little group of privileged princes, who have been sanctified by support of the New Deal cause. Tho reeking with inherited wealth, through the simple expedient of espousing the Roosevelt candidacy they have been divested of the iniquities with which all others of their class have been heavily handicapped."

Raymond Clapper, Scripps-Howard Feature Service, in twenty-three newspapers: "To be a good campaigner, a politician must have in him something of the ham actor, with the brass of a patent medicine man. It is no rôle for a modest, sincere person. He must become hypnotized, not frightened, at the sound of his own voice. Governor Landon doesn't have any ham actor in him. As a show-off he would be below the celebrated *Mr. Throttlebottom*.

"So you can imagine that while he likes to meet people and shake hands, and was very much at ease when he put his arm around his old nurse at West Middlesex, he doesn't enjoy the stage stuff that attends his speaking appearances. Still unaccustomed to being a Presidential candidate, Mr. Landon is muscle-bound on the platform, like a new shoe not yet broken in. To an audience he appears self-conscious, comes hurrying in with a fixed smile and one arm up waving stiffly. He could prolong the cheering by making a more deliberate entrance, reserving his smile and arm-waving for coaxing after the first burst of applause begins to weaken. A more skilful man could stretch out the Landon demonstrations 50 per cent."

Topics in Brief

"A POOR memory means a poor mind," says a famous psychologist whose name we can't recall.—*Washington Post.*

FIVE nations cooperate in protecting wild life in Africa. It seems that the Ethiopians weren't wild enough.—*Providence News-Tribune.*

PROPHESYING grass in the streets if Roosevelt is returned to the White House would just about put him over in the drought precincts.—*Detroit News.*

"THE way to keep from growing old is to work hard," asserts a physician. Yeah—that's what we've been afraid of all along.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

THE word "politician" has acquired a sinister connotation because it is so often used by politicians to describe their opponents.—*Dallas Times-Herald.*

IN Kentucky a petrified foot was found thirty-two feet underground. However, the roads in Kentucky are better than they used to be.—*Springfield Union.*

A GOOD many alarmed persons, including Al Smith, have accused the Federal Government of being "red." Maybe they have had a look at its Treasury report.—*Charleston Mail.*

"POP" is the most common appellation for one's father, a survey in New York reveals. In line with the modern trend, "goes the weasel" is usually omitted.—*Hartford Courant.*

THOSE who thought veterans would spend bonus foolishly are invited to consider case of doughboy who put his money into lottery tickets and won $6,300.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

NEW YORK'S new bridge links up three of the city's boroughs. Still, we don't know who would be setting off in three directions at once, unless it is Mr. Farley going to work.—*Barron's.*

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PALS—NOW!

—Weed for King Features Syndicate

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THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER

—Hutton in the Philadelphia Inquirer

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW says he's the most popular man in America. He means he's the greatest optimist in England.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.*

HITLER wants Spain to pay for the Germans killed in her private war. The price, of course, would be much higher than the home-purge rate.—*Toledo Blade.*

MR. SHAW is hard at work at eighty. The Nobel people gave him a prize in 1925—the year he wrote nothing—but the hint was ignored.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

BRITISH specialists reveal city people are taller than country people. This constant flattening out by automobiles has a tendency to stretch one.—*Boston Transcript.*

LANDON says we are heading toward the dawn of a new era. The trouble is that lots of people are afraid that Alf might oversleep that particular dawn.—*Birmingham News.*

A SENATOR tells us the average American is not tax conscious yet, and this is doubtless so. If he shows signs of coming to, he is struck by another.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

PUTTING all the eggs in one basket having been for a long time a popular idea, the third party boys are trying to improve on it by piling all the nuts under one tree.—*Knoxville Express.*

WE now know what President Roosevelt thinks of Thomas Jefferson. But we will never know what Thomas Jefferson would have thought of President Roosevelt.—*Roanoke (Va.) Times.*

WESTERN farmers are not following Secretary Wallace's suggestion that they plant grass-seed to hold down the soil. They claim that nothing keeps a farm in its place like a good heavy mortgage.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

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U. S. WAR-SHIP UNDER FIRE OFF SPAIN

Hull Protests Aerial Attack as Civil War Grows in Savagery

Cables and telegraph wires crackled last Sunday and telephones were kept busy as President Roosevelt, in South Dakota, and Secretary of State Cordell Hull, in Washington, went into action to protest to the warring factions in Spain against the triple attempt to bomb the U. S. Destroyer *Kane.*

The President, who had been reluctant to leave Washington because of the delicacy of the Spanish situation and had shortened his tour of the Western drought regions to the barest minimum, gave orders for immediate action as soon as he had been apprised of the incident by Secretary Hull.

Within a few hours after an unidentified trimotored monoplane had made three attempts to bomb the *Kane,* cables were carrying representations from Washington to the Loyalist Spanish Government and to the Rebel leader, Gen. Francisco Franco.

Flag No Protection—The *Kane,* which was proceeding from Gibraltar *en route* to Bilbao, Spain, to evacuate Americans, was overtaken by the mystery plane about sixty-five miles southwest of Cadiz. The destroyer carried the American flag.

Sweeping toward the *Kane,* the plane dropped two bombs, which exploded near-by. A few minutes later the plane returned and dropped a third bomb. The destroyer replied with two rounds from an antiaircraft gun. Eight minutes later, the plane swooped again and dropped three more bombs, the ship answering with nine rounds from the antiaircraft gun. Neither ship nor plane was damaged.

In its protests to Loyalists and Rebels, the American Government, stressing its "complete impartiality," requested that both sides "issue instructions in the strongest terms . . . to prevent another incident of this character."

Envoys in Flight—On the same day, dispatches from Spain brought word that foreign diplomats were fleeing from Madrid as the Rebel armies pressed toward it from the north and south.

In a three-hour battle on the Sierra front, according to the Spanish War Ministry, more than 200 Rebels were killed.

At the beginning of its seventh week, the war came right into the back-yard of the Defense Ministry building as nightly air raids over the heart of Madrid began.

A bomb blew late workers from their chairs, strewed them with broken window-glass and garden-dirt from a smoking crater behind the building. Then, zooming up from the first power-dive bombing Europe has ever savored, a style of bombing supposed until recently to be an American secret, the Rebel pilot, almost certainly not a Spaniard, soared north to Rebel headquarters at Burgos. Antiaircraft shells popped behind him.

Not since Napoleon shelled it lightly 128 years ago had Madrid been fired upon. Panic reigned. Windowless and pock-marked were the Defense Ministry, the Bank of Spain, the General Post-Office and other fine structures along the wide Calle de Acala, when civilians crept out to see the damage at dawn.

Meanwhile on ten scattered fronts Loyalists and Rebels fought with both factions claiming victories.

In the Southwest, General Franco's Rebel columns of Moors and Foreign Legionnaires had advanced 100 miles northward from Seville in seven days.

Sharpshooting Artillery—In the North, at Irun, wedged between mountains against the French frontier, Rebels attacking ten times in five days and using tanks, armored cars, planes and machine-guns were checked by uncannily accurate artillery fire. Across the narrow Bidassoa in France the Rebels spied men in white trousers indulging in what looked like gymnastics. They watched. When a Loyalist shell fired over the hill fell short, the men in white squatted on the ground. When a shell went over the Rebel line they leaped in the air. Soon Loyalist shells were so well aimed that the Rebels had to fall back to live. Newsmen visiting the Loyalist forces in Irun found that not only were the "spotters" in white trousers Frenchmen, but the gunners were French, Belgian and German veterans of the World War. The Germans were refugees from the Nazis.

Swift Photo

Indalecio Prieto (right), dominant Socialist in war-shattered Madrid

At sea, as from the beginning, the war was spotty. The Loyalist battle-ship *Jaime Primero,* whose bow was crumpled ten days ago by Rebel air-plane bombs, reappeared off Rebel-held Cadiz, and from her summarily repaired decks fired a few shells into the city, then withdrew. Two government submarines slipped into Huelva Bay and sank two small Rebel craft.

Aviation Triumph—But off Gibraltar a Rebel sea-plane made the world's first sea capture from the air. Dropping warning bombs as she circled, the plane drove the Spanish government munitions-ship *Montesillo* into Algeciras harbor to surrender to the Rebels.

Danger of immediate general European war dwindled as the list of nations accepting French Premier Leon Blum's munitions embargo swelled to twenty-three. Danger of eventual war grew more menacing as Benito Mussolini, ending army maneuvers at Avvelino, shouted to watching farmers: "The armaments race can not now be checked. . . . Never have Italian forces been so strong. Italy can, in a few hours, mobilize 8,000,000 men." War games at which he delivered this echo of Hitler's sudden lengthening of German conscription, Il Duce called "First maneuvers of the New Empire."

Rebel Program—Inside Spain Rebel General Mola executed a record quick change of political color, repudiating recent declarations that a Rebel victory would find Spain still a Republic. Timing his words to news that ex-King Alfonso was to leave his Austrian hide-away to fly to Italy, he forecast: First, military dictatorship; second, extermination of all opposition; then plebiscite on restoration of the Monarchy.

In forlorn attempt to "humanize" this fiercest of wars, ten refugee Ambassadors from Madrid were smoking an endless number of cigarettes in a hotel-room at Hendaye, with Argentina's Señor Garcia Mancilla at the head of the table. Firing-

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Grins in the face of death: comrades holding a barricade in beleaguered San Sebastian

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squads made night hideous in a dozen Spanish cities, Rebel riflemen shooting Loyalists and their sympathizers and Loyalists shooting Rebels, their families and friends, while the diplomats deliberated.

Barcelona's Anarcho-Syndicalists continued their mock trials and wholesale executions of Rebel captives. Seville became a shambles for Loyalists, whose bodies were heaped against walls.

Grieving Pope—Half-paralyzed with illness and grief, His Holiness Pope Pius XI, at Castel Gandolfo, poring over the lists of murdered priests and nuns, murmured:

"Even if things on Earth are going badly, they are going smoothly in the heavens."

He listened to Il Duce's martial discourse over the radio, and to an audience a few minutes later said:

"We more than ever need the prayers of the Faithful because so many threats are darkening the horizon. We more than ever need hope for God's mercy."

He was gratified to hear of intense religious revivals in Spanish cities behind the Rebel lines. He inaugurated for Spain a "crusade of prayer."

"REGALL RING": Edward's Coronation Ring, "Argent, a Cross Gules," in Ruby and Diamonds

Court-Jewellers Garrard and Company, Ltd., Albemarle St., Piccadilly, altering the ermine lining of his father's Crown to fit King Edward's head, also are making a new "coronation ring" for the ceremonies next May.

Known since the eleventh century as the "Wedding-Ring of England," it is to be slipped on the fourth finger (counting the thumb as number one) of the right (scepter) hand of the bachelor King-Emperor of one-fourth of the world.

This plain gold band is set with a large, violet-colored ruby surrounded by twenty-six diamonds, the ruby chased with the Cross of St. George (argent, a cross gules). It is a reproduction of all the coronation-rings worn by England's sovereigns since Edward the Confessor (1041-1066).

The pious Edward, says legend, gave the original to St. John the Evangelist, who appeared miraculously before him in the guise of a beggar. Later, St. John appeared again in Palestine, gave it to two English pilgrims; admonished them to return it to Edward with the message that Divine grace would encircle every English sovereign invested with the ring at his or her coronation.

History is vague as to the first wearer after Edward, tho it is assumed that Harold II, his brother-in-law, wore it during his brief, turbulent succession, which ended when he was shot in the eye by a Norman archer serving William the Conqueror in the Battle of Senlac.

Usurper's Ring—On the record is the fact that Henry VII, first Tudor King, usurping successor to Richard ("My Kingdom for a horse") III, wore it during his reign, from 1457 to 1509.

Parchments of the time called it the "regall ring."

From the coronation of gay Stuart King Charles II, enthroned after the fall of the Commonwealth's stern Lord Protector Oliver Cromwell, investment with the ring has been an integral part of each coronation. Each sovereign has a new ring, reproduction of the last, which becomes the personal property of the wearer.

Theoretical inalterability of the traditional rites notwithstanding, an embarrassing *faux pas* marked the investment with the jewel of Queen Victoria in 1837. Her College of Arms forgot that pre-Reformation practise counted the thumb as the first finger; and caused the ring to be fitted for, and placed upon, the Queen's little finger as number four.

Horrified traditionalists, discovering the error, insisted that the ring portion of the ritual be hastily, and privately, repeated; and a furiously blushing Archbishop of Canterbury thereupon crammed the golden circlet on the finger called for by ritual, for which it was clearly too small. Rather than prolong the agony, Victoria insisted on wearing the ring as it had come to her, regetting her magnanimity frequently when, each time she wished to remove it, she had to soak her hand in cold water to shrink it.

"Long to Reign Over Us"—British opinion found, conveniently, support for the legend that the tighter the fit the longer the reign; and Victoria bore out the legend by reigning sixty-three years, far longer than any other English sovereign.

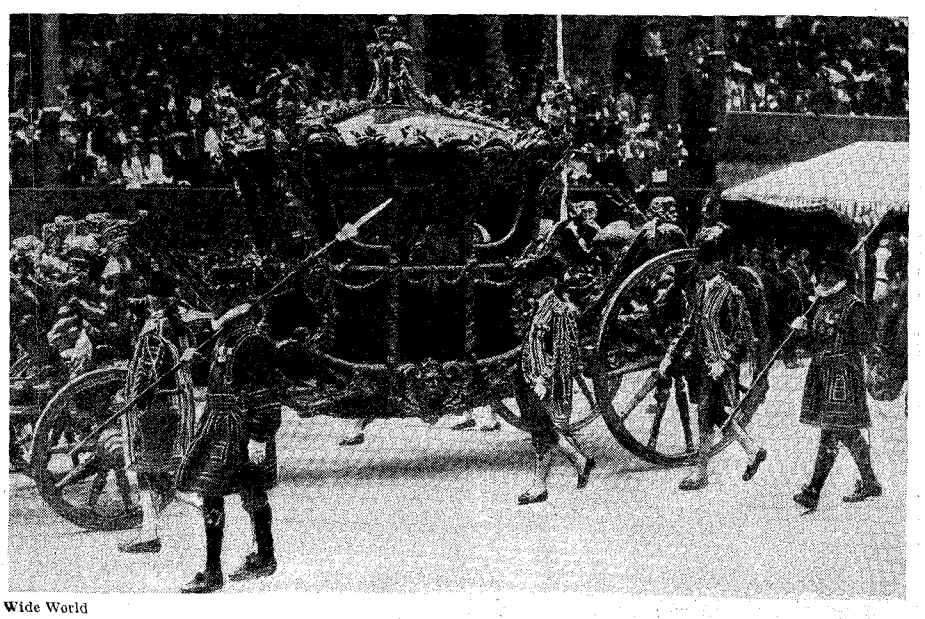
The new ring in the making for Edward VIII is in the custody of seventy-seven-year-old Maj.-Gen. Sir George John Younghusband, veteran of colonial wars in Afghanistan, Burma, South Africa, the Sudan and World War, Knight Commander of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, and, since 1917, Keeper of the Jewel House (Tower of London), in which the Crown Jewels are stored under a battalion of Guardsmen.

Next May it will be Sir George's duty to hand the ring solemnly to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who will slip it on the royal finger quite as tenderly as he will place the Crown of St. Edward upon the regal head.

Actual value of the ring is negligible, since the diamonds are small and the violet-colored ruby required by tradition is far outranked by innumerable pigeon-blood competitors. As a symbol, as a "sign of kingly dignity and the defense of the Catholic faith," it is among the world's most valuable rings.

Gaps Closed—Tourists starting into the big, barred and burglar-alarm-wired-round glass Jewel House in the Tower this autumn and winter still will see an impressive array of Crown Jewels, rearranged that gaps may be unnoticeable to all but expert eyes. All the coronation regalia is over in Albemarle Street for general overhauling, polishing and dry-cleaning. No settings are to be changed; but the ermine padding of the crown is being altered at the base to fit the head of Edward, larger and rounder than that of his late father.

Like the ring, tho no more directly, the Crown which for eight and a half centuries has been placed on the heads of England's Kings comes down from Edward the Confessor. The original, valued at $5,550, was broken up and sold by order of Cromwell's Parliament. Bill from Court-Jeweller Sir Robert Vyner for two new crowns for Charles II at the restoration came to $160,000.



Wide World

Thumb counts as No. 1 when "coronation ring" is slipped on the King-Emperor's finger

"WORST TO COME": France and Russia Anxiously Eye Germany's Increase of Army

Last March, Reichsfuehrer Adolf Hitler sent his smart new German conscript Army goose-stepping to the Rhine. Frenchmen, angered and puzzled by the world's apparent indifference to this final sneer at the Treaty of Versailles, protested that the whilom Austrian house-painter was hatching a war.

Last week, Der Fuehrer extended compulsory military service in the Reich from one year to two. This time, not only Frenchmen but Russians set about swiftly preparing "for the worst."

In March, Hitler had sworn that Germany had no further territorial ambitions "in Europe." In August, he gave as his excuse "the growing Red menace." Where but in Europe is there a "Red menace"? startled statesmen gasped.

Moscow wasted no time gasping. To Soviet leaders, who long had believed that both Germany and Italy were aiding the

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Spanish Rebel Fascists, Hitler's move was but another step toward the show-down between Marxism and Fascism in Europe.

On August 26, *The Evening News* of London reported having picked up a radio address by Soviet Dictator Josef Stalin to his Red army warning that war was near. Two days later, *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, the two leading Russian dailies, charged that Hitler was preparing a "surprize" which would mean "new slaughter for Europe."

Rapid Totaling—In uneasy anticipation, French Army experts did some quick figuring. They found that Hitler's latest act increases the German Army from 550,000 to 800,000—more than the Kaiser had in 1914. They predicted that the Nazi strength would total 1,365,000 by November, in addition to 400,000 militia and 275,000 in labor-camps. They gazed in horror at their own statistical picture:

	Troops	*Aircraft*
FASCISTS:		
Germany	1,365,000	4,300
Italy	1,250,000	4,000
Total	2,615,000	8,300
POTENTIAL FASCIST ALLY:		
Japan	250,000	2,100
Total	2,865,000	10,400
ANTIFASCISTS:		
Russia	1,200,000	4,000
France	654,000	4,000
Total	1,854,000	8,000
POTENTIAL ANTIFASCIST ALLY:		
England	213,000	5,600
Total	2,067,000	13,600

Three years ago, the German Army consisted of 100,000 Reichswehrmen. Hitler was famed chiefly for his little red mustache, his Napoleonic mane, his swashbuckling Brownshirts.

"War Babies"—But when André Tardieu, one-time Premier whose years as a newspaper man in Berlin had made him something of an authority on German ways, stood up in the Chamber of Deputies and shouted that "force is peace," Frenchmen stirred. Quickly, the Chamber railroaded a bill lowering the conscription age from twenty-one years, four months, to twenty years. The yearly haul of French "war babies" was swelled to 120,000, bringing the standing Army to 420,000—only 200,000 fewer than at the outbreak of the World War.

Two years later Der Fuehrer, by then more feared than laughed at, brushed aside the Versailles pact, introduced one-year conscription. Shocked, Frenchmen retaliated by boosting their conscription term from one to two years. But one handicap the French Chamber could not correct.

During the four and one-half years of War, the German General Staff had taken great pains to see that every soldier got home at least once a year. The German Government assured them that their families would be cared for—even if they increased. An official edict legitimatized War babies born out of wedlock.

During the same period France took no special pains to provide for the future.

Result: Between 1916 and 1919, only 893,000 French babies were born, against 2,207,000 for Germany. To-day those range in age from seventeen to twenty.

Already, Hilter's control "over the German male has been prolonged from the sixth year to the twenty-second year of his life," comments Otto D. Tolischus, New York *Times* Berlin Correspondent. "At six he enters school, at ten the Hitler Youth or the State Youth, at eighteen the Storm Troops, at nineteen the Labor Service, and at twenty the Army, in which he stays at least two years."

Like Hitler, Benito Mussolini nurses his future soldiers from the cradle until they come of Army age. Fully 5,000,000 Italian boys and girls, ranging in age from eight to fourteen, swell the ranks of the *Opera Nazionale Balilla*, which was formed in 1926 for the avowed purpose of promoting the physical and moral education of youth.

Organized in squadrons, centuries and legions in Roman fashion, Italy's youngsters have their own drill-grounds in every community and proudly lisp the motto:

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More than 1,000,000 youths of Germany will form her standing army by next November

"Oggi Balilla, domani soldati, sempre Fascisti!— To-day Balillas, to-morrow soldiers, always Fascists." The girls' division, known as "Young Italians," numbers about 300,000.

Like Germany and Italy, Soviet Russia's boys have their own military organization, the Young Communist League, which counts 5,500,000 members. Beginning at eighteen and for the next two years, Russian youths to the number of 1,200,000 every year train in the militia. At the end of the period, an average of 400,000 are weeded out, leaving the rest to serve in the Regular Army. Last week Dictator Stalin lowered the military age from twenty-one to twenty years, thus giving the Soviet a force of 1,200,000 men. The Reserve is estimated at about 10,000,000.

Press Comment—First to vent its irony on Hitler's act was the semiofficial Paris *Temps*, which said: "Berlin's gesture . . . is of a nature greatly to facilitate the efforts of the chancelleries to ward off any immediate menace to the peace of Europe."

Sardonically, the independent *Matin* thought Hitler was being complaisant to Great Britain, while the conservative *Echo de Paris* rapped Hitler as "the sole beneficiary of the horrible massacres in Spain."

With bitter sarcasm, the republican *Petit Journal* opined that Hitler "will later announce his intention of organizing a 'preventive war' on Russia."

The German press was restrained, as judged by the cautious comments of the semiofficial Nazi *Correspondence*, which called the decree "a necessary equalization."

In England, *The Times* advised that the move be studied "coolly" and urged that "British efforts must be redoubled . . . to uphold the aim and method of European consultation and agreement."

CONSERVING SHARKS:

Use of Man-Eaters So Wide, the Industry Asks Protection

Dearer to the palate of mandarin *gourmets* and their honorable guests than bird's-nest gumbo or the yet more savory broth of mud-aged black eggs is the rich, herb-seasoned soup of imported shark-fins. To regale their war-lords and grandees, Chinese traders search the world's fisheries.

Last week, Chinese connoisseurs smacked their lips zestfully as they read the news that in far-off Nicaragua up-to-date machinery will soon be set up to can shark-fins in ever-increasing quantities.

Quite as pleased as their finicky Celestial customers were Peiping and Tientsin importers. They quickly cabled their Nicaraguan agents to seek Jacobo Najman, who recently obtained a monopoly from that Government on the schools of monster sharks that abound along the country's volcano-studded Pacific Coast. Last year a similar concession was granted to another firm for exploiting the Atlantic littoral.

Useful Man-Eaters—Najman knows that, besides providing rare dried fins for the Far East market, sharks have at least twenty commercial uses. For years after he left a Ghetto in his native Poland, he traveled through most Latin-American Republics and learned that the man-eating shark was slowly becoming rare for quantity export. Only last month the firm of McTaggart & Degan, shark-fishing concessionaires of Grand Cayman, British West Indies, appealed to the Nicaraguan Government to limit fishing to waters not more than seven feet deep.

They pointed out that because of the soaring demand for shagreen, as tanned and dyed shark skin is known commercially, fishermen prefer deep- to shallow-water shark-fishing, since the man-eaters are hard to catch in the shallows. As mother sharks are averse to spawning in shallow waters, they persist in roaming the deeps.

While Najman's contract excludes fishing for Lake Nicaragua's fresh-water variety, it nevertheless allows him to import, duty-free machinery, boats and implements to haul enormous quantities of salt-water sharks and "to process them for the extraction of commercial parts, with the possibility of placing the products on foreign and domestic markets."

His contract approved and signed by Public Works Minister Roman Gonzales, Najman is casting about for the latest methods employed by Australians, South Africans and Latin-Americans for exploiting the shark harvest of Nicaragua. Already science has devised a way for harmlessly smoothing down the horny skin to serve as a durable, non-fading leather, which

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readily absorbs colors and resists cracking. As shagreen it finds many uses besides shoes, purses and coats.

Ton Giants—Known as fast swimmers, sharks have rounded, tapering and scaleless bodies. Laid on the dissection table, they often measure as much as forty feet, and weigh upward of a ton. With deft hands, workmen cut off the fins and throw them into vats to be packed for China. Next the skin is removed and sent to the tanner. Its meat, stripped from the carcass in foot-square slabs, is dried and packed, mostly for Malayan and African dinner tables; while the liver, which has been known to weigh as much as 200 pounds, is used as a substitute for cod-liver oil, so rich are its vitamin contents.

From the bladder, rich pigments are extracted and the glands yield valuable drugs. The head is turned into heavy glue and the rest of the carcass is manufactured into fertilizer and poultry food.

Sharks' teeth come in different types, like the sharks themselves, which include several families, such as the hammerhead, the cow, bullhead, nurse, dog, tiger, requiem, great blue, basking, sand and beagle sharks.

The South Sea Islanders freely use sharks' teeth as spending-money, while Chinese women decorate them with gold and silver and employ them as ornaments.

PACT IN LIMBO: Kellogg-Briand Document All But Forgotten, as Europe Arms Feverishly

Last week, the Kellogg-Briand Pact outlawing war as an instrument of national policy turned its eighth birthday. In eight years, Europe had gone back two decades.

Unaware of the turn events were to take, statesmen of fifteen nations, including the United States, gathered on August 27, 1928, in the historic Clock Room of the Quai d'Orsay in Paris. As they signed the no less historic document, they chorused:

"Wars are outlawed—ended—forever."

Once, in 1929, the pact actually did preserve the peace. China and Russia were about to resort to arms in a squabble over possession of the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria. Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson sent shocked notes to Moscow and Peiping. Both countries backed down.

Two years later, Manchuria was no more; Japan had both the land and the railroad.

Last year, the pact received another blow, when Mussolini began his conquest of Ethiopia.

Almost Forgotten—To-day, with all Europe arming in expectation of war, the pact itself is all but forgotten, its history and origins lost with the generation that fathered it.

It is not generally known, for example, that French Foreign Minister Aristide Briand's original statement of the Kellogg-Briand Pact was suggested to him by American Professor James T. Shotwell, while the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace scholar held the Chair of Political Science in Berlin.

In Professor Shotwell's inaugural lecture before the German and Prussian authorities in March, 1927, he stated that "war in an independent era has ceased to become calculable in terms of military strategy. The issue can not be solved on the battlefield, by raw materials or by financial resources. It is therefore no longer a safe institution for politics."

Following his Berlin lecture, Professor Shotwell went to Paris, where he conferred at length with Briand along these lines. It was Shotwell's minute study of more than 150 volumes on the data of war—largely economic and social histories of the World War—that led him to his conclusion.

History—Heralded as "potentially the biggest event in modern diplomatic history," the Kellogg-Briand Pact was described as being the result of nearly two years of negotiations between the major powers.

On the tenth anniversary of the entrance of the United States into the World War (April 6, 1927), Briand proposed that the United States and France agree to a treaty to settle disputes of whatever origin or nature by pacific means. Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg was somewhat tardy in his reply suggesting that the treaty be extended to other nations as well.

On January 15, 1929, the Senate ratified the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact. The fifteen participating nations who flourished pens in signature of their agreement were: United States, Germany, France, Belgium, Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Irish Free State, India, Italy, Japan, Poland and Czechoslovakia.

Meaningless Pacts—John Cudahy, American Ambassador to Poland, recently delivered a radio address in which he said: "To insure the peace of Europe, there are 151 pacts. If these pacts mean what they say they mean, there would be need for no more soldiers than the number of police necessary to maintain order in our American cities. But the feverish race of armaments goes on because the welcoming hand is met at every turn by the mailed fist of war. Pacific words become meaningless."

Upon conclusion of one of these pacts between a certain nation and its powerful traditional enemy, Ambassador Cudahy called upon the Foreign Minister of that nation. He asked him whether or not, now that security was assured by the treaty—mindful of the great hardship imposed by the huge military tax burden on a patient, long suffering people—there was some ground for relief. The Foreign Minister's reply was: "Don't you realize that without the Army there would have been no treaty, and the treaty will be respected just so long as the Army is respected?"

Peace at a pistol point. "That is an accurate, not an exaggerated, statement of conditions in Europe to-day," the envoy concluded.

Are the treaties, therefore, which technically terminated the hostilities of the last war, treaties of peace? Or are they treaties of war? To light one war from the stub of another means that a peace of force must be maintained by force. And that, apparently, is why every attempt to limit the military establishments of Europe has always met with melancholy failure.

Underwood

August, 1928, signing of the Kellogg-Briand Pact: fifteen nations outlawed war . . . forever

DICTATORSHIP ENDS: A Parliament Functions Again in Lithuania, Tho Not at Vilna

On Tuesday, September 1, at 7 A. M., Baltic daylight saving time, one European nation emerged from dictatorship to democracy.

At that hour, forty-nine sleepy, blue-eyed Lithuanians blinked at spike-bearded President Antanas Smetona, who had summoned them to the Supreme Court building at Kaunas. For what epochal bit of statecraft had he called them from their feather-beds?

In a tongue resembling ancient Sanskrit more closely than any other living language, the button-eyed President rasped:

"I pronounce the Seimas (Parliament) open."

Constitution Back—Ample Lithuanian brogans shuffled against the hardwood floor. Their job: to restore the Constitution of 1922, suspended soon after its adoption. No doubt they were thinking of the man who suspended it—stumpy, stubborn little Augustus Waldemaras, then Premier. And of his twelve-year sentence to hard labor for that untoward *coup d'etat*. But Waldemaras was not alone to blame; succeeding Cabinets also yielded to the urge to govern, as he had tried to govern, by decree.

Lithuania, a part of Russia before the World War, is the only nation in Europe, if not in the world, whose capital is in

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another country. Constitutionally, the seat of government is the handsome city of Vilna, seventy miles east of Kaunas.

Vilna is resplendent with magnificent church, university and public buildings—a natural capital.

But in October, 1920, General Zeligowski, a Pole, and 15,000 Polish soldiers seized the city and surrounding territory the size of Maryland. Warsaw called Zeligowski a rebel, but accepted his gift.

To-day, Lithuania alone insists that Vilna will always be her capital. The great Powers have recognized the Polish conquest, but statesmen at Kaunas, speaking confidentially, mutter:

"The time may come when Poland will be beset with difficulties . . . And then . . ."

For sixteen years, they have maintained a state of technical war with Poland. They have closed the frontier so effectively that one must travel 400 miles to cover the seventy between their lost capital and its substitute.

Roads between the two cities are overgrown with grass. Rails are ripped up for miles near the frontier. Not even a letter may pass. Sentries guard the border so closely that last May a Lithuanian policeman who got on the wrong side was shot by a Polish corporal; while as recently as last week a Pole was shot for trespassing on Lithuanian soil.

Driven from Vilna in 1920, the Lithuanian Government retired "temporarily" to Kaunas, then a muddy farming village of no importance. To make the "interim" tolerable, they modernized the town with electricity, sewers and pavement. More recently, tho not without a trace of reluctance, they have erected a few Government buildings.

Determination—Last year, Foreign Minister Staysis Lozorajtis, conferring with Josef Beck, Polish Foreign Minister, repeated his country's determination never to cede Vilna to Poland. Beck replied that Poland would never relinquish it to Lithuania.

Birthplace of Poland's great hero, the late Marshal Pilsudski, Vilna is a shrine to Poles, doubly sacred because, according to his will, Pilsudski's heart is buried there.

Lithuania's 2,500,000 population is so predominantly agricultural that only one person in every hundred is employed in industry. Chief creditors are *Uncle Sam* and the late Ivar Kreuger. To the United States, Kaunas owes 90,000,000 *lits* (more than $5,000,000); to the deceased match king's corporate remains, over $1,500,000.

Once, 500 years ago, under Withold the Great, Lithuania stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Now, she is the size of Maine—another vest-pocket Baltic Republic bounded on the north, east, south and west by trouble.

EXODUS OF TREASURES:

Drive Begun in Mexican Congress to Save Art

For more than five hundred years, since Spain's conquerors wiped out the Aztec Empire and substituted their own, Mexico's gold and art treasures have found their way to Europe's royal and millionaire collectors. Even when the country finally settled into a republic in 1876, the inroads of art-hunters became so heavy that the Government had to devise a law forbidding the outflow of historical and art objects.

Last week, however, two young Mexican Deputies—Demetrio Bolaños Espinosa and Luis Mora Tovar—found the law inadequate and set in motion a bill requesting President Lázaro Cárdenas to stop "the veritable exodus of the nation's artistic wealth . . . which in time to come our researchers, historians and scientists will have to seek abroad."

President Acts—Faced with the immediate problem of reorganizing his Cabinet, President Cárdenas delegated his government experts to consider the bill. Voicing the Government's satisfaction with the existing law, Señor Jorge Encisco, Chief of the Bureau of Colonial Monuments of the Department of Education, insisted that export applications are adequately handled by two separate offices. "The law of monuments and the customs regulations already prohibit the exportation of objects of historic or artistic interest, or archeological objects," he said.

Bolaños, nevertheless, disagrees with Señor Encisco, and points to the controversy between his own State of Oaxaca and the Federal Government over the ownership of the famous Monte Alban jewels, which were a highlight at the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition two years ago. These jewels, called "the richest archeological find ever made in America," consist of jade, pearls, silver, turquoise and golden ornaments, from rings to breastplates. They were found near the city of Oaxaca adorning decaying skeletons in a series of catacombs and temples, by an expedition of the National Museum of Mexico.

Also exhibited at Chicago was the Hotz Diamond, valued at $300,000. Originally from Brazil, the precious stone once formed part of Maximilian's wealth after he became Emperor of Mexico (1864).

To put an end to the squabble between the State and the Federal authorities, the Mexican courts ruled in 1933 that the Federal Government "has complete rights over the riches of the subsoil in all the national territory."

Resignations—Meanwhile art squabbles were not the only matters of state to occupy President Cárdenas last week. He transferred Mexico's only woman diplomat—fragile Señorita Palma Guillen—from her Colombia post to that of envoy to Denmark. Dark, half Indian, she is under forty. Her radical, anti-clerical ideas brought many complaints against her in Bogota.

Simultaneously came the announcement that Emilio Portes Gil, who made her envoy when he was Foreign Affairs Minister, had resigned as Chairman of the National Revolutionary Party, which supports the present Government of Mexico.

THREE-MILE LIMIT: It Is Being Shot Outward by Long-Range Cannons

The ancient law of the three-mile limit, derived from the cannon-range of the period in which it was adopted, may yet be the spark that sets off a world conflagration in a day of guns shooting twenty-five miles.

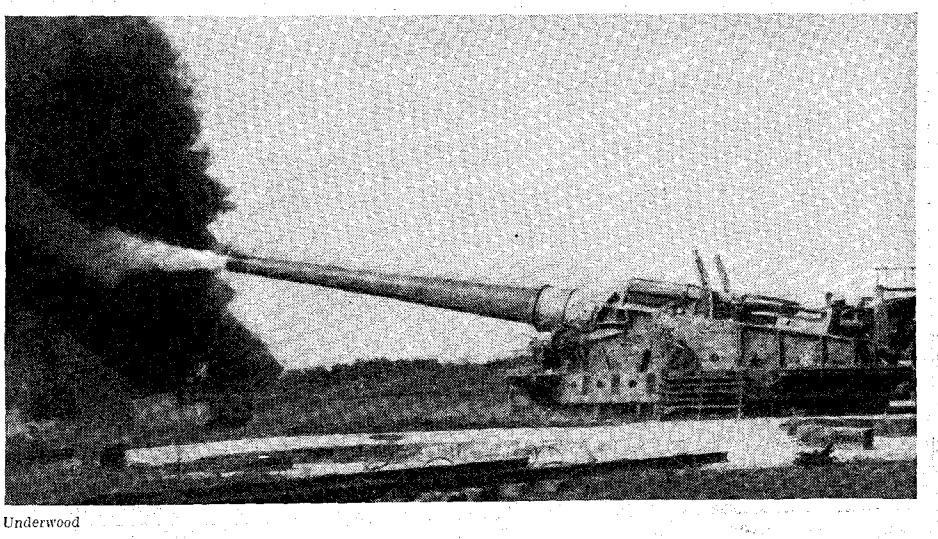
The captain of the fast British destroyer *Codrington,* first on the high seas to the aid of the arrested British merchant ship *Gibel Zerjon,* went aboard the Spanish cruiser *Miguel de Cervantes* to protest against "interference with a British ship outside territorial waters."

"I'm sorry," said the Spanish commander. "I made a mistake. Proceed." The oil-filled *Gibel Zerjon* proceeded, but not far. She was again stopped by the Spanish cruiser in open sea and informed that she could not go to Melilla, held by the Spanish Rebels, but instead should go to Malaga, where Spanish Loyalist gasoline tanks had recently been burned.

Sea Drama—Radioing Gibraltar authorities of the precarious situation, the British captain was instructed to remain on the high seas and not to proceed to Malaga.

Coming to her aid again, the *Codrington* full-steamed ahead under the nose of the Spanish Loyalist war-ship *Lepanto,* patrolling the Straits. Close on her bobbing stern, the battle-cruiser *Repulse* nosed out of Gibraltar to "stand by" in case. . . . A third destroyer, the *Wolsey,* simultaneously left Malaga in a southwesterly direction.

This made the second time within a few days that a Spanish Loyalist ship had halted a neutral ship. The first was the German merchant ship *Kamerun...* The Leftists smelled oil on the *Gibel Zerjon,* oil they wanted badly. Severely handicapped by the burning of their supply at Malaga, they needed it for war-ships and for troop transportation. This might be one way to



Underwood

Great new Coast Defense gun in action

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get it. But it was doubtful because of the rule of "territorial waters."

The three-mile limit, as recognized and practised by the majority of countries, was adopted between Great Britain and the United States. Toward the close of the 18th century, Bynkershoek, in his "Dominion of the Sea, 1702," had adopted the principle of self-protection. Since fortresses can give effective protection within range of their cannon, he argued that respect was not due to the presence of cannon, but to the fact that the State was in a position to enforce respect.

Maxim—This could be done from any point along its shore. Hence his well-known doctrine: "*terrae dominum finitur, ubi finitur armorum vis*" (A nation's power ends at the limits of its arms). The maxim became international law, for the protection of shore fisheries and for neutrality.

The range of modern cannon would extend the three-mile limit to a twenty- to twenty-five-mile limit. So what, after all, does the three-mile limit mean? And just what are territorial waters?

Since the search of the *Kamerun*, rumor has had it that Madrid would like to stir up foreign intervention along with her Spanish war porridge. But Germany has been exhibiting conspicuous restraint—which would facilitate early ratification of an all-inclusive non-intervention pact.

FEET UNBOUND: China, Returning to Code of Confucius, Drops Modernisms

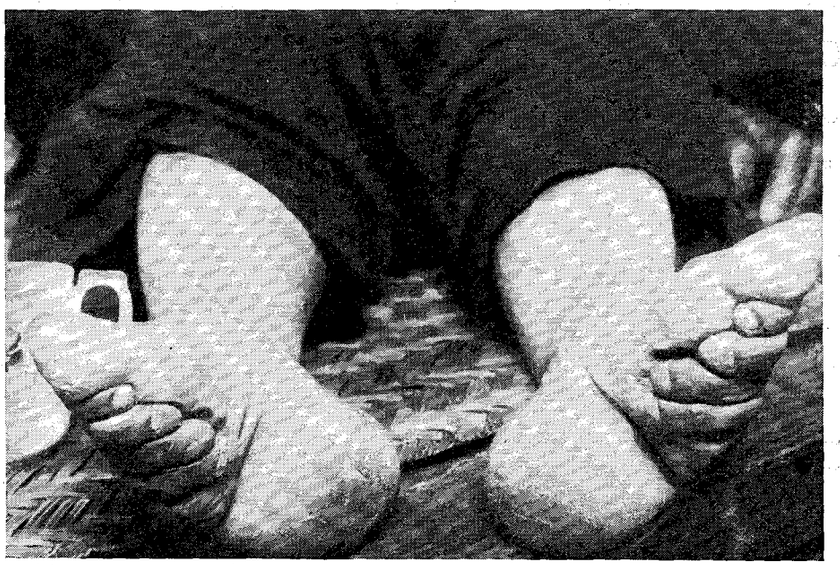
Two news stories that apparently are unrelated demonstrate the economic and political crisis China has reached to-day. (1) In celebration of the 2,487th birthday of Confucius, waitresses in restaurants and "sing-song" houses in the Province of Shansi, China, are ousted from their modern-day jobs. (2) A tax against bound feet on baby girls, a modern innovation, will be strictly enforced. Smiling mothers will fondle little feet that will never be fettered as were their own (see cut).

"For the purpose of maintaining good morals," the strict city fathers of the metropolis of Taiyuan (Shansi Province) have ordered the immediate dismissal of all waitresses from public houses. The municipal mentors say that Confucian standards of morals can be maintained only by employing men as waiters.

Return to Past—The return to the teachings of Confucius who, nearly 2,500 years ago, is said to have been born in a small village in Shantung (northeast coast of China), is related to the fact that Shantung is now a hotbed of intrigue in the Japanese movement to sever North China from Nanking. China would like to return to an ancient code after her unsuccessful scramble to adopt Western ways.

In fact, on September 1, 1935, the Government of South China passed a law prohibiting Chinese women from wearing "modern and undesirable female clothes," and inspectors of the Bureau of Public Safety were permitted to search dressmaking shops in Canton (seat of the South China Government) and confiscate all "ultrafashionable" garments they found.

Wives and daughters of high officials sponsored the styles decreed by the Political Research Institute; women in government offices discarded modern attire as an example to others. In spite of the ban, however, young women of China are clinging to modern garb, displaying bare arms and shapely calves.



The "lily feet" of China: which once were the mark of aristocracy and fashion, and are now the object of taxation and scorn

Effect of Revolution—The mad scramble to learn the ways of living of the "outer barbarians" followed upon the National Revolution (February 12, 1912), when hotheaded youth forgot the teachings of Confucius. But during the past two years, a definite turn has been made; Chinese leaders again seek knowledge in the Four Books, fountain-head of wisdom and virtue in China for more than 2,000 years.

There is, at present, a strong movement going on in Republican China to have Confucianism recognized as the State religion. It is considered a code of ethics rather than a religion, but is so deeply revered that for millions it serves as a substitute for religion. It existed 100 years before Socrates appeared in Greece and 551 years before Christ was born.

Confucius emphasized man's duty to his fellow men, especially his duty to his parents, rather than to a Supreme Being. Had Confucius written the Ten Commandments of the Mosaic Law, he would have given first place to "Honor thy father and thy mother." Respect for parents is now one of the chief roots of Chinese character.

Changed Customs—Modern Chinese women wear their Western culture and civilization as modern Western women wear Oriental finery, for decorative or theatrical effect. They have the prerogative of putting it aside at nightfall when at home in the bosom of the family.

Boldly, like men, during the Westernization of China, Chinese girls left home to earn their living in the city, competing with men in the professions. But, now, with the return of the code of morals based on the teachings of Confucius, no more bright red lips and almond eyes will smile "thank you" in the restaurants of Shansi Province.

Torn by internal strife and civil wars, facing the threat of foreign aggression, crippled by the corruption of officials on her frontiers, China has turned to the sage counsels of the Master, who taught men how to rule the State and govern the family. Feet will be needed that can find firm footing on treacherous ground—feminine feet as well as masculine ones.

For China may need her women to fight shoulder to shoulder with her men. No "three-inch golden lilies" can march in ten-league boots. Where small girls once shrieked with pain as their feet were being tightly bound, the ancient custom is being stamped out, partly by a still-older belief of Confucius that the physical body never should be mutilated or destroyed.

Prohibition Enactment—Foot-binding was prohibited by the new laws of the Chinese Republic fifteen years ago. The custom is more then seven centuries old and originated in the desire of men to keep their women from running away (the better-known style explanation was an outgrowth of the original).

Unbound feet once were heavily taxed, whereas to-day it is the bound feet that are taxed, the money being used to support schools for young girls throughout the Celestial Empire.

Chinese feet cruelly mutilated, the instep broken to keep the feet within a three-inch measurement

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CURING CANCER: A BEGINNING MADE

Some Kinds Dealt With by Two Methods; Early Treatment Vital

The constellation of Cancer, the crab, lies among the twelve groups of stars marking the zodiac, between Leo, the lion, and Gemini, the twins. Thousands believe that persons born "under the sign of Cancer"—June 21 to July 22—will die of cancer.

It isn't true. People born in early summer have as good a chance of escaping as any others. But many will die of cancer nevertheless, for this disease claims close to 150,000 Americans annually. From sixth among the causes of death in 1900, it has climbed to second place, exceeded only by heart disease.

Two weeks ago, among its 2,880 victims for the week, was Gov. Floyd B. Olson of Minnesota.

At the University of Wisconsin, less than 300 miles from Governor Olson's Capital, specialists of Europe and America will meet next week to piece together a plan of battle to curb the disease, at a Cancer Institute presided over by Dr. William D. Stovall, Director of the Wisconsin State Laboratory of Hygiene.

From the Radium Institute of the University of Paris, founded by radium's co-discoverer, Marie Curie, will journey Prof. Henry Coutard to tell specialists how radium can be used to better advantage.

Roll of Experts—From London, Canada, will come the only woman cancer authority on the program, Dr. Madge Thurlow Macklin, to tell what she has learned in years of study of the inheritance of cancer. Other experts will include Dr. Edgar Allen, Professor of Anatomy at Yale University Medical School; Dr. H. B. Andervont, biologist of the United States Public Health Service; Dr. James Ewing, of the Cornell University Medical School, New York, and Dr. C. C. Little, Director of the Roscoe B. Jackson Laboratory for Cancer Research at Bar Harbor, Maine.

But when all the reports are in, the experts will have to admit that they still don't know what really causes cancer, can't say for sure whether or not it is inherited, aren't certain why it seems to be increasing, and haven't any specific, sure and unfailing cure.

That doesn't mean progress isn't being made. Right now, some kinds of cancers are curable under favorable circumstances, especially those of the skin, mouth cavity, breast and genital organs.

If a cancer that has been removed does not return within five years, the cure is considered permanent. The American College of Surgeons in 1933 counted the living persons who had been cured of their cancers for five years or more. Some 24,440 were tabulated.

Public Fear—Doctors are convinced they could cure many more if people weren't so afraid of the disease that they refuse to talk about it, dread to have a physical examination because they might learn they are afflicted by it, try to keep others from finding out that they have cancer because they believe, mistakenly, that there is something shameful about it.

Cancer isn't contagious, and is not the result of a family "taint." Tho Dr. Maud Slye of Chicago and other experimenters have bred strains of animals that are especially susceptible to the disease, human families are so mixed up that few lines are more susceptible than others. If your *Aunt Annie* died of cancer, and you are of her same build, it's no sign you will have the disease.

Cancer, points out the New York City Cancer Committee, is a universal malady. It attacks not only man but the entire animal kingdom. Even plants and trees suffer from cancerous growths.

Prehistoric races were attacked by it. The ancient Egyptians knew about it. Some of the most ancient medical writings of India speak of cancer. So it's nonsense to say, as some quacks have been doing, that cancer is a modern disease caused by vaccination, eating canned foods or cooking in aluminum utensils.

Ancient Treatment—Ancient doctors treated cancer with the best things they had: crude surgery and caustic or acids. These same chemicals are often found in quack "cancer cures" sold to-day. Unfortunately, they don't work. Cancer remedies have always been numerous. A century ago, cancer cures were printed in household recipe-books. Recently, when a well-to-do New York cancer victim offered a prize for a cure, more than 3,500 were suggested. All had something in common: they were no good. The only methods of treatment that promise success, says Dr. James Ewing, are surgery and radiation. Sometimes the surgeon removes the cancer, then kills the remaining cancerous cells with radium or X-rays. Sometimes radiation alone will do the job. Every cancer is a special problem. The surgeon is the only person competent to decide what ought to be done.

But neither surgery nor radiation will help unless the cancer is discovered early and treatment is begun at once. Most people don't know that cancer is almost as much of an emergency disease as appendicitis.

A few days of delay may mean the difference between life and death.

These are danger signs:

1. Any lump in the breast or other part of the body, especially one that begins to grow or change.
2. Any sore that does not heal, particularly on the face or in the mouth.
3. Any unusual discharge or bleeding from any part of the body.

People with any of these suspicious symptoms should see a doctor without delay.

Cancer apparently starts from a single body cell that has run wild. Multiplying rapidly, descendants of the wild cell penetrate the normal flesh, steal nourishment, poison the body with waste products.

If the cancer isn't removed soon, fragments may break off, travel in the lymph stream to distant parts, and start new growths.

When the disease reaches this stage, operation or radiation is hopeless, because new growths appear faster than they can be removed.

Possible Causes—What causes the original cell to go wild isn't known. Doctor Ewing thinks chronic irritation has a great deal to do with it. Snaggle teeth, bad dental work and smoking, especially a pipe, seem to cause mouth and lip cancer, tho millions who smoke or have bad breath escape the disease.

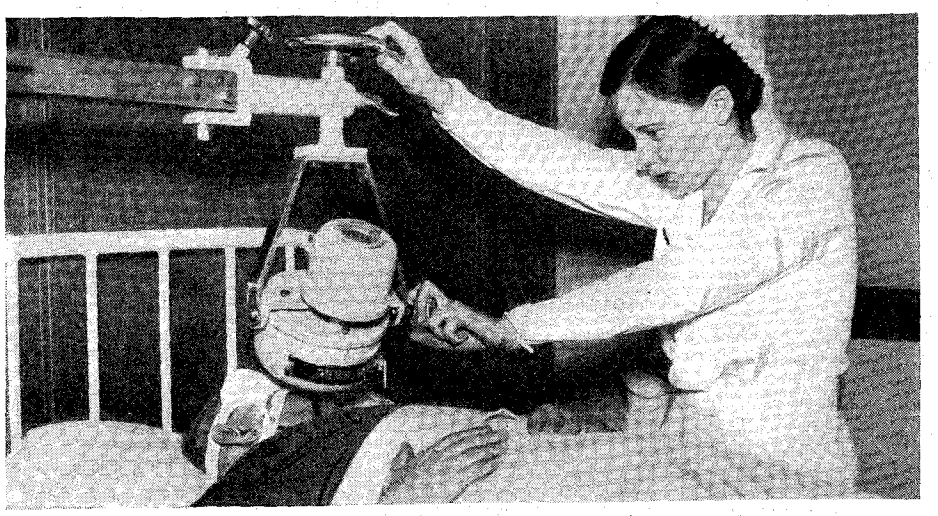
Stomach cancer is the most frequent form of the disease. No single article of diet or drink is known to produce it, but eating food too hot, habitual bolting and gorging and neglected stomach ulcers are possible causes. "A short life and a merry one!" crows the glutton. He may be right.

Dye-workers sometimes contract cancer from the effects of the dyes absorbed into their skins. Chinese men have cancer of the gullet because, reports Dr. George Gray Ward in *Hygeia,* they eat their rice at the first table when it is very hot. Chinese women never have that kind of cancer because they eat at the second table, where the rice is cold.

Miners are liable to cancer of the lung because of irritating coal-dust. The only place where cancer of the skin of the abdomen is common is in Northern India, where natives carry baskets of hot coals next to their bodies in winter, causing constant irritation from burns.

As early as 1775, Percival Pott, an English surgeon, noted that chimney-sweeps very frequently developed skin cancer. He attributed this to the soot with which they were constantly smeared. Just a century later, Rudolph Volkmann, a German physician, noted the high incidence of skin cancer among workers with lignite tar in Saxony, and definitely identified tar as the causative agent.

Cancer can be produced experimentally in animals by rubbing the skin with irritating chemicals obtained from coal-tar.



Wide World

A nurse adjusting a radium pack on a cancer patient in a hospital

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Chemists have discovered that the irritating coal-tar products are closely related, chemically, to normal body secretions, especially the sex hormones. This is considered one of the most promising fields of research at present. At the Research Institute of the Cancer Hospital in London, Dr. Harold Burrows is studying the possible relation of the hormones to human cancer. In this country Dr. Leo Loeb and his associates at Washington University, St. Louis, are also looking into it.

At the University of California, Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence, famous atom-smasher, and his brother, Dr. John H. Lawrence, medical researcher, are studying the possible use of neutrons and artificial "radium" in treating cancer.

At the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota, Dr. A. E. Osterberg, Dr. J. A. Bargen and Dr. B. T. Horton are trying a new experimental treatment: injecting lead compounds to "poison" the cancer.

None of these investigations has yet produced a practical method of curing or preventing the disease. For one thing, research is hampered by lack of funds. Tho cancer is a major medical problem, Dr. Francis Carter Wood, of Columbia University, estimates that only about $400,000 is being spent throughout the world each year studying it—less than $3 for each American victim alone.

Cancer's increase is slight, but alarming. Attempts to explain it on the ground that the population is growing older do not convince Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman of Philadelphia, authority on cancer statistics. Recently he compiled figures showing that the increase has been about 25 per cent. in the last decade.

Most puzzling is the great variation among countries and in different parts of the same country. Ceylon has the lowest rate, with only nine deaths from cancer in 100,000. Scotland has the highest, with 149. The United States is about midway, with 125.6.

Range of Rates—By regions, Doctor Hoffman finds the lowest cancer rates (98 per 100,000) in Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma and Texas. The highest (145.1 per 100,000) are in Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North and South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas.

Cities and towns show great variation, too. The lowest is Cicero, Illinois, with a rate of only 49.1; the highest, Madison, Wisconsin, with 286.8. Low rates are also found in Hoboken, New Jersey; Winston-Salem, North Carolina; Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; Gary, Indiana; Fresno, California; Charlotte, North Carolina; Greensboro, North Carolina; Union City, New Jersey, and Knoxville, Tennessee; highs in Concord, New Hampshire; Portland, Maine; Pasadena, California; Troy, New York; Boston; Shreveport, Louisiana; Pittsfield, Massachusetts; Spokane, Washington, and Quincy, Illinois.

Cancer authorities offer no explanation for these variations, but deny that diet or other local factors affect cancer. In some cases, the reason for high cancer rates is apparent: Minnesota may have many cancer deaths, for example, because patients come from all over the country to its famous Mayo Clinic at Rochester. Madison, Wisconsin, with six hospitals and the University of Wisconsin Medical School, is an important medical center.

There is some question, too, whether the figures, based on death certificates, reflect the true conditions. Some physicians may write "pneumonia" or "hemorrhage" on the certificates to spare the feelings of relatives, when the real cause was cancer; others may be overzealous to report a disease in which they are interested.

Competent physicians usually spot suspicious growths during routine examinations; hence the experts' advice that the best insurance against cancer is examination by a physician every six months, especially if you are thirty-five or over. Tho babies are born sometimes with cancer, and it attacks at any time, danger increases after middle life.

Proof that a wart or swelling is cancer depends on microscopic examination. The doctor performs what he calls a "biopsy": he takes a small slice of the tissue, pickles it in formaldehyde, and sends it to a laboratory for examination.

The biopsy and test usually cost from $5 to $10. Should it turn out to be cancer, the cost of treatment in the early stages is relatively little, perhaps $50 to $500. Persons who can not pay anything receive treatment free at most reputable hospitals.

What the cost of cancer treatment will finally come to, if it isn't stopped in the early stage, depends on its location, how much surgery or radium treatment will be necessary, and other factors. For a person who earns $5,000 a year, the cost may vary from $250 to $1,500 or more.

SAD PHARMACISTS:

Lament Sounded Because They Handle Almost Anything but Drugs

"Thy eternal Providence has appointed me to watch over the life and health of Thy creatures. May the love for my art actuate me at all times; may neither avarice, nor miserliness, nor thirst for glory or for a great reputation . . . make me forgetful of my lofty aim of doing good to Thy children . . ."

Thus, from the ancient Prayer of Maimonides, do pharmacy school students chant upon the eve of graduation. A week later they find themselves managing an alarm-clock department, or dispensing Lovers' Delight Special Nut Sundaes, in a drug store in which the prescription department is hidden behind a counter loaded with cut-rate books.

Last week, Dean R. C. Wilson, of the School of Pharmacy of the University of Georgia, called down wrath from above on such doings. Before the American Association of Colleges of Pharmacy, meeting at Dallas, Texas, he scolded:

"Our schools of pharmacy have lent themselves to materialistic demands. . . . It is rather common to find a catalog statement to the effect that among opportunities for our graduates are 'managers for chain stores.' May God forbid!

Transformation—"There are thousands of drug stores in America to-day which formerly were ethical places of business, but which have now been converted into lunchrooms, department stores, *et cetera*. This seemed necessary to meet the competition of merchandising establishments which hypothecated the good name of pharmacy as a decoy to attract the public. The chain drug store is, of course, operated solely for the dollar involved, and is controlled by groups who have no professional background or responsibility . . . .

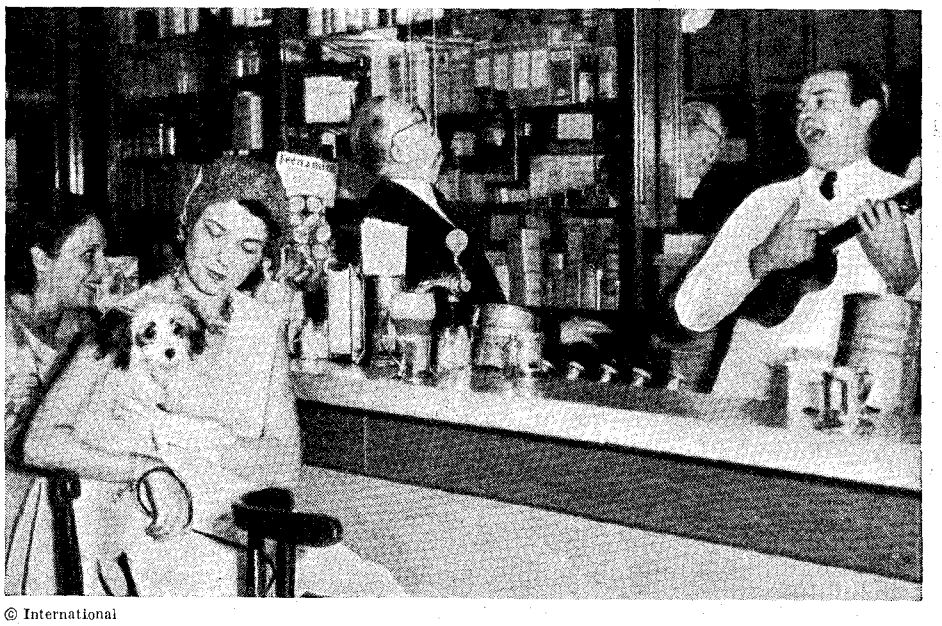
"There is no analogous situation to this in other professional fields—no chain law—no chain medicine—no chain dentistry—no chain nursing—no chain teaching—no chain engineering. Why, under Heaven, chain pharmacy?"

The answer to this rhetorical question will probably come September 21, when the National Association of Retail Druggists will meet at Pittsburgh.

The American Association of Colleges of Pharmacy, of which Dean Wilson is President, is affiliated with the American Pharmaceutical Association, an eighty-four-year-old organization that represents the professional side of drug-store operation. The National Association of Retail Druggists represents the commercial side.

Drug stores annually fill about 165,000,000 prescriptions, at an average price of eighty-five cents each, which represents about 10 per cent. of the business of America's 58,407 drug stores. The other 90 per cent. comes from alarm clocks, toys, cosmetics, cut-rate books, other knick-knacks—and soda-fountains.

Twenty years ago, the reverse was true. Nine-tenths of the average store's income



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Soda-fountain receipts nine times greater than drugs in modern pharmacy

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came from pills, powders, mustard plasters, tonics, nerve remedies, cough medicine and the like.

What has happened to the drug store?

People aren't sick so much, for one thing, say old-time pharmacists, who remember when every visit to the doctor yielded two or three prescriptions. Another thing, the styles in medicine have changed. Doctors aren't prescribing so many pills and elixirs; they are advising exercise, rest and proper diet, instead.

Traditional Places—Here and there a few stores have clung to "the good old days," refusing to install soda-fountains and perfume counters.

Last year, Frank A. Delgado, making a survey for the United States Department of Commerce, estimated that there were about 400 of these fountainless pharmacies in the country. One of the most famous is J. Leon Lascoff & Son, of New York City, founded in 1899. European pharmacists come to Lascoff's to study the medicine compounder's art. They see no *parfaits* or pin-ball games there.

Few pharmacists enjoy running a three-ring department store; most of them would enjoy operating a prescription establishment only. But prescriptions will never pay the rent, except for a fortunate few.

Howard Stephenson recently traced the history of the drug store for *American Druggist*. He discovered that the first in this country was opened in the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1646 by one William Davice. By 1700, the Puritan druggists were beset by evils that sound surprizingly modern: cut-throat competition, too many drug stores, socialized medicine, doctors who filled their own prescriptions.

Days of Plenitude—About the time the last of the British Army transports were sailing out of Charlestown Harbor, in 1781, there were so many drug stores in the town that they were crowding the other shops.

A Samuel Carnes there advertised "spices, articles of grocery and most kinds of drugs and medicines." A competitor, Basil Pourrie, handled dry goods, "cake lacking," saddles, paint, glue, ironmongery, glassware and medicine. Another, McKenzie & Watson, sold violins, flutes, china, glassware, haberdashery, stationery, cutlery, silverware, books, prints, tea, coffee, Jamaica rum, brandy, gin, spices, mustard, snuff and standard drugs.

Before 1800, soda-water, made with sodium carbonate, was an expensive medicine. It became a soft drink through the unsung genius of Elias Durand, a pharmacist of Philadelphia, about 1825. Durand, observing that a sparkling beverage could be made by mixing carbonated water with fruit syrup, invented the soda-fountain.

It didn't become really popular, tho, until the American Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, in 1876. One of the concessionnaires was Robert M. Green, of Philadelphia, founder of the soda-fountain manufacturing company which still bears his name.

Rival fountain men seemed to be getting all the business. Green knew that he had to do something drastic, so he dumped a scoop of ice-cream in every soda glass.

Enter Ice-Cream Soda—That was the way the ice-cream soda was born. The new drink was a sensation. Before the exposition ended, ice-cream sodas had won national fame. Green was so proud of his discovery that he directed in his will that the words "Originator of ice-cream soda" be inscribed on his tombstone.

Drug stores went into the soft drink business on an unprecedented scale after the World War. From 1919 to 1929, fountain installations averaged $19,500,000 a year. Now, drug stores with fountains, according to the Federal Census of Distribution, do an average gross business of $32,983 a year; those without fountains, $23,112.

Whether drug stores will ever return to Dean Wilson's standards of professional conservatism is problematical, many pharmacists regretfully believe.

Explained one to THE LITERARY DIGEST: The average small drug store will not give much space to its prescription counter when, for the cost of a telegram, the manager can have one of the large wholesale drug concerns make up half a dozen mustard plasters or compound a bottle of pills, and forward them by air-plane. They come quicker, cheaper and perhaps better than his own pharmacist could make them on the premises.

GRANDMA WINS: A Scientist Disputes "Scientific" Innovation; Approves Coddling of Babies

Little *Eustace* is excessively shy, runs away when guests come, is afraid to mix with other children, hangs his head and can't talk when spoken to.

Probably, suggested Prof. Knight Dunlap last week in a *Science Service* report, he wasn't rocked, coddled and bounced enough when he was a baby. Maybe his mother had the modern "scientific" notion that babies should be let alone.

H. Armstrong Roberts

Science revives old theory... bounce your baby

Later in life *Eustace* will pay for that "scientific" beginning by being constantly embarrassed, unable to hold his own with other men in business or social life, vacillating in decision, unable to keep his mind on his work and afraid of all sorts of things.

Grandma Indorsed—For, says Professor Dunlap, psychologist of the University of California, grandma had the right idea after all. Leaving an infant too much to himself is just another way of maltreating him, and many a "nervous breakdown" in youth and early adult life can be traced to that.

Leaving the baby alone often makes him a thumb-sucker. Later, he has trouble establishing social relations. He is apt, youth and adult, to become morbidly introspective.

He gives too much attention to himself, to his bodily processes, his feelings and emotions, his successes and failures, the impression he makes on others. Too much self-analysis, says Professor Dunlap, isn't good for people.

Grandma played with the baby, bounced him on her knee and rocked him to sleep—something "modern" young mothers seldom do. Put the infant in his crib, they say, and if he cries, let him alone. Crying won't hurt, and if he cries himself to sleep once or twice, he'll be a good baby after that.

True, admits the California professor: good, in the sense of being less trouble to the mother.

But the child is likely to be very troublesome later. Neglect helps lay the foundation for neurotic traits, opens a *Pandora's* box of evils which include stammering, overshyness and "nervousness."

To prevent it, entertain the baby virtually all the time he is awake. Babies are meant to be cooed to, handled and held, and helped to play with a variety of objects.

Other Dangers—The wise mother should also know that other kinds of maltreatment also lead to "nervousness." Faulty nourishment, for one.

Improper food will not in itself produce a neurotic condition, but it predisposes the child to it.

Then, sooner or later, the ill-fed child is exposed to some direct cause of nervousness. A big dog leaps at him, or he has a bad fall or sees an accident. His mother ever afterward explains that the "shock" caused his case of nerves.

Not at all, thinks Professor Dunlap. Emotional strains are bad for a child, of course, but they won't do any harm if the child is healthy in mind and body. Perfectly normal people seem to have had as many horrendous experiences in childhood as have neurotics, but they weren't affected.

And don't keep the relatives out of the baby's room. Plenty of aunts and uncles are good for the child.

"I often have to prescribe spring seats or mechanical jouncers," admits Professor Dunlap, "if there are not enough aunts and uncles to trot the baby and ride it on the foot."

A Correction

Writes Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe to THE LITERARY DIGEST: "The whole advance in civilization has been due to increased control and utilization of emotions at higher and higher socially valuable levels. When you so misquote me as to make me say 'not to control the emotions' you make me ridiculous."

In THE LITERARY DIGEST of August 15, Dr. Jelliffe was quoted as saying "eighty per cent of the doctors of America would starve if people would only learn not to control their emotions." The word "not" slipped into the sentence through error.

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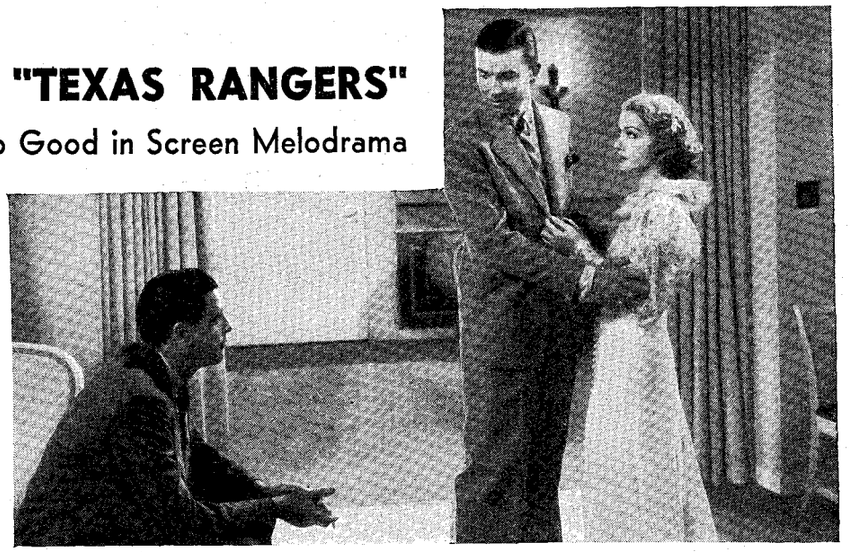
SUPERGLORIES FOR "TEXAS RANGERS"

Bad Men Are Transformed Into Good in Screen Melodrama



Pig-iron short story "Homecoming" becomes "Don't Turn 'Em Loose," sermon in celluloid on parole system's evils

The effete cinema, constantly striving to improve its manners, rarely indulges itself any more in the raw-meat school of acting. When it does backslide, the results are likely to be appalling and disastrous.

"The Texas Rangers," Paramount's imposing salute to the civilizers of that vast State, is raw meat, raw meat and six-guns. But its results are not disastrous. It is an excellent if overlong photoplay.

Any munitions maker would have delighted in the bullet order from Paramount. Six-shooters bang from beginning to end with the fine, smoky abandon of an old-fashioned Fourth of July.

In spite of which and its theme, "The Texas Rangers" is much more than a Western picture. It even is much more than a glorified Western. It is, rather, a cinematic case-history of the Rangers.

Scenic Backgrounds—Director King Vidor, who, with Elizabeth Hill, visioned an epic after reading Walter Prescott Webb's "The Texas Rangers," is to be credited with performing a valuable feat of recording native history. He also may be thanked for giving the picture some of the most breath-takingly lovely background shots ever made.

Whatever other influence the picture may have, it certainly will do a conversion job on lank, taciturn Fred MacMurray. Mr. MacMurray, a reformed saxophone player, has been a rising star for more than a year. His enormous audience, up to now, has been mostly feminine. After "The Texas Rangers" he probably will win the admiration of men, is certain to win the adoration of small boys.

The plot, at base, is consummately simple: Three Western bad men hatch a gaudy plan to further their wickedness. Two of them will join the Texas Rangers and use their membership to keep their pal informed of trouble in advance. This, they believe, will make it easy for him to operate without molestation from the law.

Unfortunately for their plan, they are good men at heart. Soon after becoming Rangers, the ideals of the service impress them so, that in the end they are true-hearted men of law pitted valiantly against their villainous one-time partner. Elemental, but dramatically effective.

The plot turns thunderously melodramatic on occasion, but the bark of revolvers and the spectacle of bad men turned good by the spirit of the Rangers will atone with most audiences for such lapses.

Mr. MacMurray is excellent in Ranger partnership with Jack Oakie, a tubby, casual bandit given to slaying and sweating with equal ease. Lloyd Nolan is brilliant in the rôle of the third bandit and rustler, the one the boys have to kill to tame.

Further contributing to rating of "The Texas Rangers" as essentially a man's picture is a slight romance which has about all the poise and reliability of a humming-bird. Miss Jean Parker supplies the evidence in this department of the film.

Preview Verdict—Hollywood preview comment was enthusiastic for the spectacle, doubtful as to women's reaction:

Hollywood *Daily Variety:* "A whacking melodrama of the clash between law and outlawry to bring civilization to a frontier State, told in a fine, romantic spirit."

Raw meat and six-shooters make cinematic case-history in "The Texas Rangers"

SPARTAN FATHER: "Don't Turn 'Em Loose" Is Thumping Melodrama of Parole System

One more film in the violence and raw-meat manner is "Don't Turn 'Em Loose," an RKO-Radio sermon in celluloid warning against the evils of the parole system.

Thomas Walsh wrote a pig-iron short story called, with jaunty irony, "Homecoming." The studio proceeded to film the sure-fire plot of a militantly honorable college president who learns that his son is an habitual criminal.

It is to be doubted if, for sheer slam-bang heart-trapping, the Hollywood cinema has filmed a more thumping scene than that in which the college executive, newly elected to the Parole Board, confronts his notorious, murderous son. Until that moment the old man has believed the boy to be a model of honor and behavior.

It is straining things a little to believe the ending: in which the father, seeing his boy about to kill a detective, shoots the son down. Scenarists Harry Segall and Ferdinand Reyher, the bit in their teeth, raced to this conclusion about two paces in advance of credibility.

Dominant Player—Lewis Stone is triumphant in the rôle of the father. Robert Sisk, the producer, has seen to it that smart, relieving touches reduced the brutality of many of the scenes.

It is no May-pole frolic, but neither is the parole system nor its abuses. With that in mind, the producer was justified in telling his story in a combination of melodrama and lithography.

Hollywood *Reporter:* "If the almost total depravity of this nonchalant murderer can be accepted as real, the rest carries conviction."

CHEERING SAVOYARDS:

D'Oyly Carte Company Returns With Gilbert and Sullivan Airs

Parched Savoyards, thirsting more than twenty months for flavorous, authentic Gilbert and Sullivan, drank deep in New York last week when the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company of London gave them "The Mikado" straight from the fount.

Almost two years ago rotund, restless

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"Romeo and Juliet"; "The White Angel"; "The Great Ziegfeld"; "The Green Pastures"; "San Francisco."

AAA—"Fury"; "Dancing Pirate"; "Early to Bed"; "The Devil Doll"; "Suzy"; "Piccadilly Jim"; "Girls' Dormitory."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

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Martin Beck took a long, fretful gamble. A New York producer with a concealed taste for Gilbert and Sullivan, he decided to put down a sack of shillings on the bet that Broadway would like the operettas at their best. He arranged for the D'Oyly Carte group to come over for a short season.

A four-weeks contract was stretched into eight and then ten weeks, at the close of which the troupe reluctantly set out to meet long-postponed singing engagements in other cities.

The company, only true bearers of the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition, arrived in New York waters with harbor whistles blowing.

This time they came for an eight-weeks stand, confident of welcome.

Only one small flaw developed: enraptured New Yorkers found Miss Dorothy Gill absent, her place taken by Miss Evelyn Gardiner.

Two years ago Miss Gill was a favorite. Her *Katisha* in "The Mikado" was described as beyond peer. Six months ago London advised that the company would not bring Miss Gill to Broadway again. Quickly, indignant Savoyards cabled and telephoned, implored.

Some even wept. An organization was formed, called Bring Dorothy Gill Back. Nothing availed.

Substitute Triumphs—Miss Gardiner was an effective substitute, stilled the clamor when she made her entrance.

At the end, she was accounted as good as Miss Gill.

Critics, eager to admit that the D'Oyly Carte singers were the only authentic Gilbert and Sullivan performers, reopened an old feud: they recorded, one by one, that performance would be better if the rapt audiences didn't take themselves so seriously.

It was suggested that it would be better if the performances were left to persons on the stage.

Never on the stage, but a star in his own right, was Isidore Godfrey, conductor of the company's orchestra. His head is crowned by hair so unruly and crimson it gives him the look of a furious, blushing dahlia.

His appearance in the pit was the signal for the rituals to begin. The audience broke into stormy cheers.

The critics languidly waited for "The Mikado."

"The D'Oyly Carte company deserves the friendly reception it received," wrote Richard Watts, Jr., in the *Herald Tribune*, "for the charm, spirit and tunefulness with which it presents this classic item in its repertory."

Lying ahead for fans and critics are "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Trial by Jury," on a double-bill to follow "The Mikado." Later, all will hear "The Gondoliers," "The Yeomen of the Guard," "Iolanthe," "H.M.S. *Pinafore*," the infrequently heard "Patience" and "Princess Ida."

"The Pirates of Penzance," as done by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, is a treat for fans and critics

CAMPUS COMEDY: "Spring Dance," Farce by Philip Barry, Opens Broadway Season

The New York drama season, which will end seven months hence in a spray of ten best plays, tired players and prizes, was formally begun last week with "Spring Dance," a new comedy by Philip Barry, trivial, bright and campus-wise.

Two years ago a Smith College undergraduate, Miss Eleanor Golden, thought it would be funny to show how college girls, acting in concert, could persuade a Yale man into matrimony. A friend, Miss Eloise Barrangon, thought it was funny, but not funny enough. She added a few hilarities of her own.

Confidently, they submitted their play to Jed Harris.

He promptly told them it wasn't nearly funny enough. He asked, and got, permission for Barry to rewrite the play.

The result of this prodigious stirring of a plot is a farce which puts on a false-face and turns romantic comedy when the story demands it.

Throughout the play, a modern "Lysistrata" with a difference, Mr. Barry has sprinkled the dialog with elfin humors of his own brand. In one scene he causes a casual Yale undergraduate to look icily upon two Princeton men and observe that "there are two things I can detect at once in a man: jaundice and Princeton."

Trivial, bright and campus-wise: Philip Barry's new comedy, "Spring Dance"

In another scene his plain heroine moans wofully that she looks like "an old horse with a fly up its nose."

Wit From the Indies—A third girl is described as looking "like something that crawled out of the Ganges."

For all these isolatedly witty findings, "Spring Dance" runs to ground as a play filled with youth, freshness, some fun and not enough realistic, appreciable theater to be a sure-fire hit.

In essence, it is the case-report of a sorority-house filled with college girls who, suddenly, determine to harass a reluctant Yale wooer into proposing to their unbeautiful but admirable best friend.

Reviewers' Comment—Critics were in general agreement that Miss Louise Platte, a promising young actress of whom they had long expected much, was miscast in the rôle of the plain girl, that the play was too thin, but advised their readers to see it on the basis of fun. Of that they promised plenty.

Gilbert Gabriel, in the New York *American*, made a summation of the majority report: "So come, all ye sons of Williams and daughters of Mt. Holyoke, rejoice, sing and admit that *Alex*, the Smith girl, and *Sam*, her average Yale man, and their classmates and brothers-in-the-bond are all nice, pink, clean bipeds, slightly subpituitary perhaps, and a bit underslung on the side of common sense and a trifle dense about mixing up a baby and a thesis . . . but undeniably nice, pink and clean, as I assured you above—so, go ahead and rejoice."

Walter Winchell, New York *Daily Mirror:*

"It is a mild amusement featuring a cast of promising people and some spasms of merriment. The first spectators appeared entertained."

Burns Mantle, New York *Daily News:* "Fluffy stuff from which nothing much could be expected in the way of solid drama or sustained interest."

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MODERN CULTURE IN AN ANCIENT LAND

Jewish Artists of Many Nations Enrich Museum at Tel-Aviv

A large, travel-scarred packing-box thudded unceremoniously on the dock at Tel-Aviv, Palestine, last week, 6,000 miles from its starting-point in Chicago. Carried a short distance to the Museum Tel-Aviv, which was to house its contents, it was carefully unpacked. From yards of brown wrapping paper and pounds of excelsior forming a protective cocoon, emerged six paintings by as many young Chicago artists.

Aaron Bohrod, Raymond Katz, William S. Schwartz, Todros Geller, Fritzi Brod and Samuel Greenburg—all of whom have won distinguished prizes in this country—donated their paintings to Tel-Aviv, the city in Palestine that has become the new home of Jewish refugees from all over the world.

Their gift becomes a part of the small but valued collection containing the works of old and new masters. The 400 paintings that Museum Tel-Aviv owns include works by Rubens, Van Gogh, Monet, Picasso, Derain, Israels and Chagall, donated to the museum during its short, five-year history.

Youthful City—Tel-Aviv—Hebrew for hillock of spring—is not much older than its infant museum.

Founded fifteen years ago as a suburb of Jaffa, a Mediterranean port thirty miles from Jerusalem, it grew slowly until ten years ago.

Then interracial riots in Jerusalem and Jaffa drove the Jewish residents in large numbers into new, unbroken land they could call their own.

The past four years of religious discrimination in Germany have made its growth mushroom-like.

To-day it is the home of 150,000 young men, women and children of all nationalities—who call it the City of Youth—united by the same religious traditions and beliefs.

For centuries, Palestine has attracted artists by reason of its historically religious background.

Those painters who could not visit the Holy City—and few of them whose religious works have come to be accepted as masterpieces ever saw the Holy Land—traveled to it in imagination.

Those artists who actually were drawn there encountered discouraging difficulties. Palestine presents peculiar problems in perspective.

The transparency of the rarefied atmosphere affords a painter confusing visibility; a fifty-mile panorama is visible on an average day.

New Technique—To those whose eyes were accustomed to a much shorter focus, Palestine and the surrounding country proved impossible to depict without forgetting all the rules of painting they had spent years in acquiring. Few visiting artists wanted to gamble with their careers to that extent, with the result that the Holy Land remained unpainted until recent years and the growth of Tel-Aviv.

As the city flourished, its culture kept step.

There was an influx of intellectual groups which demanded expression.

Entertainment was the first of its forms to be developed.

From one repertory group with professional actors, under direction of the Russian Vachtangov, five companies came into being within fewer than that number of years.

The players were called from the amateur ranks and trained until they became finished professionals.

Literature followed closely after, with poetry the greatest contribution. Five publishers set up businesses. First, they brought out Hebrew translations of world-famous writers from Shakespeare to Sinclair Lewis. Then, as the colony's writers became productive, their original works were published and sold successfully.

As the importance of education was emphasized, the need for art became evident.

Meanwhile, a colony of permanent resident artists grew—men and women who had decided to make Tel-Aviv their home and who had the time to utilize in solving the artistic problems it presented.

Cooperative Move—In 1928, the artists organized the Palestine Art Association to exhibit their work, interchange views, and stimulate interest in native, current art. They exhibited their work twice yearly—during the tourist seasons—in the historical Tower of David in Jerusalem. Word of the new school of Palestinian painting which, because of the climate and atmosphere, was primitive—and not unlike Mexican painting of two decades ago—began to spread throughout Europe.

Dealers from France, Germany and England sent representatives to Palestine, and a minority of the painters began to sell in small quantities.

Stronger and stronger grew the need for a museum in Tel-Aviv—to be used as the pivot for the healthy, thriving new culture. In 1931, the city's first and only Mayor contributed the key-stone for what will undoubtedly become an art center fit to rank with age-old museums in all parts of the globe.

Mayor Meier Dizengoff, after the death of his wife, donated two floors of his three-story home to the Tel-Aviv artists to be used as a museum and retired to the remaining quarters.

Donations Made—The first paintings were donated by residents of Tel-Aviv and friends of the Zionist movement in Europe and America. Aside from the canvases of local painters, most of the presentations were unadulterated junk.

But Tel-Aviv's artists, grateful for a place to show their wares, campaigned for better paintings to form the nucleus of a permanent collection. Their efforts were well rewarded.

Sponsor—They interested the late Maurice Lewin, wealthy gem merchant and art collector of Antwerp, in their project. Lewin came to look upon the museum as his own particular child.

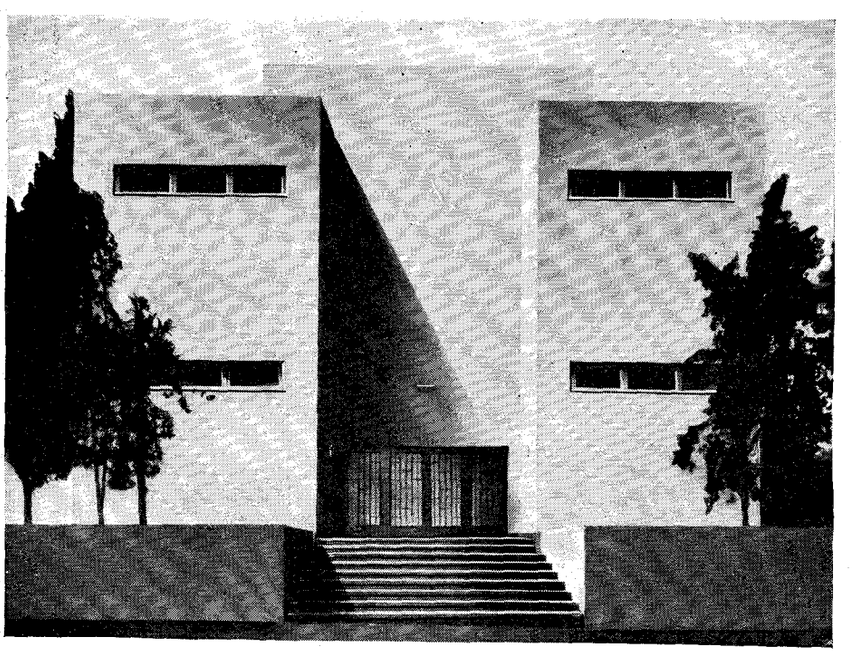
He contributed frequent examples of important modern art—forty in all—and with his death last year he willed to the museum fourteen paintings by Ensor, a fellow Belgian, the largest collection of that artist in the world.

Wide-spread Unrest—Jewish painters in all countries became intensely interested in the work of painters of their own race. Marc Chagall gave a complete series of his etchings—100-odd—two of his large oils, and a drawing. He also was instrumental in getting other artists to contribute.

Two years ago, the museum obtained the services of a new and important curator, Dr. Karl Schwartz, formerly curator of Berlin's Jewish Museum, and author of "Jews in Art."

With these lusty beginnings, the only modern museum in the Near East soon outgrew its limited size.

It was time to have a suitable building to house the increasingly important



Tel-Aviv's new museum, only temple of modern art in the Near East. Designed by Carl Rubin, it is typical of the city's architecture

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collection. Funds were raised, and this summer the strikingly simple present structure (see cut, page 25) was completed—on the site of the first building.

To-day, Tel-Aviv is not content to sit and gloat over its incredibly good start. The 400 paintings, 2,000 etchings and drawings and seventy-five pieces of sculpture—more than half of them examples of internationally-known artists—are not enough for this greedy-for-art community.

Through interested friends of the Jewish movement in every country, money is being raised for a permanent purchase fund for three definite purposes:

First, to get a representative collection of art without regard to the race, time or creed of its origin; second, to collect all the purchasable art pertaining to the Bible; and third, after the museum has a collection of paintings by important Jewish artists, dating as far back as can be traced, to allow Tel-Aviv to relax, settle back and enjoy its enviable treasures.

"JACKETEERING": Hopeful Young Artists Vie for Fees From Book Publishers

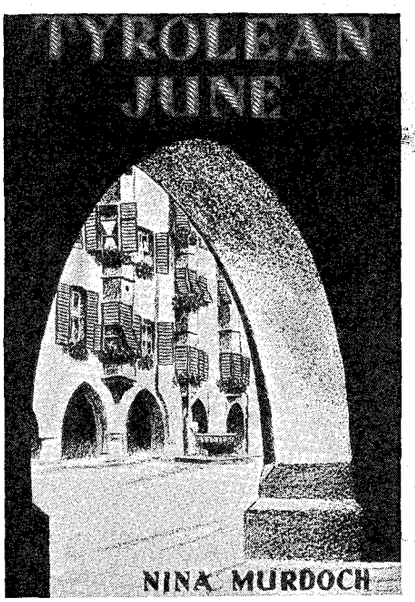
This is the season the parade of young hopefuls starts its annual tramp.

In and out of book-publishers' offices roam incubator artists, portfolios under their arms, with countless designs for book-jackets.

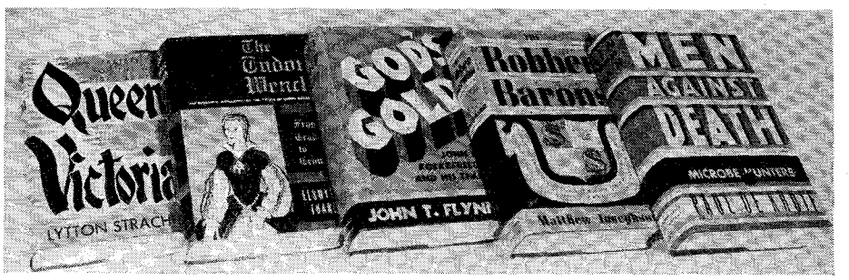
Untried artists look to "jacketeering" as a beacon light of self-support while continuing their studies. In the past it was occasionally an opening-wedge by which an artist helped pry himself into the exalted fields of painting fame. But those cases are the exception.

The art of book-jackets is a young, lucrative but completely closed corporation. It has no more than half a dozen specialists who turn out three-quarters of the jackets for the six or seven thousand books published annually.

Strikingly colorful wrappers that have come to be familiar to this generation have only recently been developed as an advertising medium, to lure the eye of the temperamental American book-buying public. Until the close of the last century, books were covered with uninspiringly plain, brown-paper covers designed to serve the utilitarian purpose of keeping dust from the bindings.



A decorative cover for a travel book



Publishers find Politzer's bold letters and bright colors have sales appeal

Manifold Purposes—To-day, jackets must serve a combination of uses, aside from the original protection:

They must attract attention to the book and retain it; they must associate the title and the author in the mind of the buyer; somewhere they must carry a summary of the book's contents and biographical notes on the author.

From the plain dust-jackets of forty years ago, they grew slowly to the herald-like position they hold to-day. The first to give any inkling of what lay inside did so by means of a circular hole, cut in the cover, so that the title was visible without opening the book.

Then publishers realized that they had a gold-mine of advertising space in their empty wrappers.

Still unaware of the potential value as a salesman for the individual book, they started listing their other publications on the front and back.

Attractively designed monograms in color, either the authors' or those of the publishing-house, soon replaced the drab listings.

From that step, jackets plunged forward rapidly until they reached their present stride.

One of the first actual illustrated covers was a drawing, taken from a frontispiece of a Zane Grey novel, pasted separately on the jacket.

The novelty increased the sales to such an extent that other publishers followed the trail. Twenty-five years ago most novels were illustrated, and their jackets generally repeated one or two of the illustrations.

Advancing Arts—But books were becoming more than just a story slapped in between two rigid covers.

The art of bookbinding and typography was growing and the jackets kept pace with them.

To-day, with gay, attractive covers the rule, there are two schools of thought as to their sales value. One group of publishers deplores the money that each year goes into book-jackets. They feel it could be more advantageously spent on newspaper advertising, paper or more durable bindings.

The opposition insists that a good jacket can sell a book, a bad one decrease sales, and that the public judges a book by its cover.

An author almost never has anything to say about what sort of a cover his brain child shall have. The art-director does the deciding as to which artist is best suited to a particular book. The artist is called in, he discusses the manuscript with the publisher's representative, reads the manuscript, and then uses his own judgment as to the execution.

Three general types of jackets are in vogue to-day, and each type has two or three artists who are specialists in each field. When a pictorially-appealing cover is wanted with a minimum of lettering, George Salter often gets the job.

Publishers prize his technical cleverness in many media and the suggestiveness of the book's content he manages to interpret in his work.

Leading Exponent—For bold directness, Politzer—who has dropped his first name, Irving, and dislikes being called Mr.—is a leader in the field with his versatility in lettering.

Arthur Hawkins's distinguished color combinations, plus an air-brush process he has perfected, mark his work as unique. Each of these men turns out a good 200 assignments a year, for which they receive from $50 to $100 an order. Yet, none of them depends on "jacketeering" as the sole means of income, and each denies its value as artistic training.

They believe that art schools make a mistake in encouraging students to hope that they can "pick up money on the side" by doing free-lance jackets. Altho many established artists, such as Rockwell Kent, Rivera and Covarrubias, have, in their time, done book-jackets, none made his reputation by them.

Jackets are a law unto themselves and seemingly no novice can turn out successful ones.

NEW BOOKS: Novel Depicts Background of Spanish Civil War; Woman Artist Portrays Life

The Olive Field. By Ralph Bates; 477 pp. (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company; $2.50.)

This tale of *Mudarra* and *Caro* and the ferment which now is Spain is curiously prophetic.

It is the story of how peace fled from the orchards of olives where once murder was rare and highly individualized—a knife fight, perhaps, over a dark-eyed girl.

But old ideas have been wearing out; or better, the aging régime which espoused them has been running down.

The flinty uprisings described in this novel are of the stuff which brought into power the Government which stands embattled to-day in a warfare strange to Spanish history, a civil war in which the

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Loyalists are the radicals and the Rebels are the conservatives.

The Bates narrative richly endows the present struggle with a background. Relating how politics was thrust upon a people born to a ripe tradition of feudalism, it explains why there has been so much fumbling that a bitter civil war was to be the fruit if it.

Neither *Mudarra* nor *Caro* is quite heroic in these pages; Mr. Bates is putting before his reader a realistic drama, and his characters who dramatize the uprisings do not succeed in making their failures heroic. There is, however, pathos in the death of *Mudarra*, and the flight of *Caro* and *Lucia* is a thankful relief as it is pictured in the novel.

No writer now at work is better equipped to peer into the dogged bitterness of civil strife and report it without a stuffy intellectual approach. Ralph Bates has lived in Spain off and on for fifteen years; he worked in a factory and actually participated in most of the risings against the old feudal order.

"The Olive Field" confirms Mr. Bates's right, won when "Lean Men" was published, to sit at the head of the class of bearers of significant tales among modern writers.

Critical Opinions—NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM: *"Here is a book about the Spanish Revolution that you can get your teeth into.*

"Here at last is an effective explanation of the real issues, so effective that it might have been cabled chapter by chapter and be read as live correspondence on the front page."

GALVESTON DAILY NEWS: *"What makes 'The Olive Field' so eminently readable and so worth reading for the American reader is the fact that it is first and foremost a story of human beings, ordinary men and women, deeply involved in a chaotic and complex struggle with emotional and economic problems."*

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT: *"The story bears the stamp of a living, breathing people.*

"Mr. Bates has attained that rare degree of insight which has enabled him to portray with perspective and with intimacy a people in its hope and its fear, in its repression and its anguish, in its inevitable human gaiety and love."

Ralph Bates: He writes a realistic story of the flight of peace from Spain

* * *

Oil Paint and Grease Paint. By Dame Laura Knight; 397 pp. (New York: The Macmillan Company; $5.)

"Humility is our theme," writes this woman artist who has been "damed" by a King of England and appointed to the Royal Academy. But while there is no swagger in her autobiography, certainly there is no humility in the masculine boldness of her painting.

She was born into a Nottingham lace-factory, and tho her beginnings were not humble, adversity smote the family through the death of her father and the deep concern with the bottle which developed in her uncles.

At the age of fourteen, she was left, with her little sister, to begin a life of struggle. Her principal asset was the prophecy of her mother that one day she would be elected to the Academy.

Rescued by an aunt from a porridge-and-attic existence, the young artist reached France, where she picked up pin money sketching her schoolmates. It was at the seaside, however, that she encountered the life that set the style of her brush and pen. It was there that an Academician bought one of her pictures; that she met Harold Knight and with him rambled over the moors, rowed about the harbor, sopping up a perception of human elements unmasked by sophistication.

They married and went to Holland and, in their thorough way, treated themselves to a study of the Dutch masters.

Returning to England, Dame Knight became interested in painting various phases of the theater.

She sought to know its people, from the stars of the ballet to the daring young man on the flying trapeze. She met Pavlowa in a mild and comic clash of artistic temperament; the queen of the dance had her own ideas about art.

Dame Knight accepted an invitation to America to act as a member of the Jury of Awards at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh; she relates what she thought of our sky-line, mental and physical, but not in the manner of most visiting Britons.

Confident Worker—As a painter she has always had confidence in her artistic capacity—even when instructors objected to her masculine lines and advised her to be more lady-like in her work.

But like all artists with a fixed idea, she persevered. And thus it is that now, far from being another dainty dauber of whom the art jungles are full, she is a member of the Academy.

One accepts the temptation to point out that Dame Knight's personal history is further proof of the old bromide that "art is long."

It is a reproof to those now turning out much curious work on the theory that knowledge is a ball and chain dangling from the wrist of a painter.

The book is straightforward, too. The autobiographer makes no claim to a place among the *intelligentsia*.

And the fidelity with which she has exercised this restraint accounts for the fact that her autobiography is one apart from the general run of artistic self-revelation in print.

Critical Opinions—NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM: *"Her book will interest, first of all, those who know her paintings—dealing especially with the ballet and the circus. . . . She sees circus life with the eye of a painter, a matter of color and form, and her descriptive passages salted in between painless autobiography reward the patient reader."*

From "Oil Paint and Grease Paint"

"Three Girl Acrobats," by Dame Laura Knight

NEW YORK TIMES: *"'Oil Paint and Grease Paint' is profusely illustrated with reproductions of the author's work which lend an added value to an already fascinating book."*

NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE: *"It is a good vigorous work, a little crude as to the color, but always powerfully drawn."*

Non-Fiction

The Flowering of New England. By Van Wyck Brooks. (Dutton, $4.) A critical but interesting review of New England's literary golden age, when Down East was America's intellectual sovereign.

The Gaucho, Martin Fierro. By Jose Hernandez. (Farrar and Rinehart, $3.) A classic of the Pampas, in swinging meter, fabulous, exciting and easy to read. Translated by Walter Owen, it reveals a South American civilization as engrossing as anything that ever came out of our own continent.

Ocean Racing. By Alfred F. Loomis (Morrow, $4.) For those who go down to the sea in ships or down to the mill-pond in a rowboat—the stirring accounts of the blue-water races from 1866 to 1935. Told with humor and spirit and a flick of good salty spray.

Fiction

The Master of the Mayflower. By Henry Justin Smith. (Willett, Clark, $2.) In which a long-neglected seafarer, who should have bulked large in American annals, at last gets his due.

He never could bring himself to swallow the anchor on the stern and rock-bound coast.

I'd Do It Again. By Frank Tilsey. (Dodd, Mead, $2.) A weird novel of a clerk who made embezzlement pay and lived to learn that honesty is the best policy, after all. His motivating forces were a little house in the suburbs and a wife with a fur coat. But his methods almost drove him crazy.

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

last, latest, past.—"V. M. L.," Vredenburgh, Ala.—By continued usage for more than five hundred years, one may say, "I was in New York this *last* January," meaning, "this *most recent* January." The usage is justified on the grounds that *last* is the superlative of *late*, which in the 14th and 15th centuries acquired the meaning "recent."

The original meaning of the Anglo-Saxon *late* was "tardy," a meaning that is still in use. The original superlative was *latest*, and it meant "coming at the end of all others; hindmost; final; closing." The superlative in this sense became contracted to *last*, and the form *latest* dropped into disuse until it was revived in the 16th century with its present meaning, "most recent." That is, by the 16th century, both *last* and *latest* were used to mean "most recent," tho *last* also retained its earlier meaning, "final, closing, hindmost."

Possibly because of priority of usage, possibly because the use of *latest* sounds pedantic or stilted, we have become accustomed to many phrases in which *last* is employed where *latest* would be more precise; for example: As I wrote in my *last* letter; The *last* time I saw Jack, he sent his love to you; In your *last* bill there was an overcharge of fifty cents; etc. In all these, *latest* should preferably be employed, for each sentence is chargeable with ambiguity as it stands—*final* letter, *final* time, *final* bill. We may, however, with no ambiguity say *last* week, *last* month, *last* January, *last* Christmas, with reference to specific most recent periods of time.

In the choice of *last* or *past*, preceded by the definite article, for qualifying such definite or indefinite periods of time as "two years, four weeks, few months, several days," we are confronted by a similar ambiguity if we use *last*. In the phrase, "During *the last* two years," does the speaker mean, "During the final two years," or, "During the two years just passed"? Hence, tho it is not incorrect—by authority of long usage—to say, during or in the *last* four weeks, the present trend is to substitute *past*, meaning the space of time just preceding the present. Formerly when *past* was employed in such manner, it followed the period that it qualified; as, In the four years *past;* for several months *past*. Also, it was at times itself qualified by the adverb *last;* as, During the hours *last past*. These constructions have not dropped into disuse, but, in America at least, are giving way to, "In the *past* four years; for the *past* several months, and, during the *past* few hours."

unquote.—"H. A.," Coconut Grove, Fla.—The term *unquote* is a telegraphic form used originally to indicate the closing of a quotation in a telegram. The term received popular approval as a needed shortened form of "end of quotation," and now supplements the older printing term, "end quote."

Current Poetry

GOLD STREET—FINANCIAL DISTRICT, N. Y. CITY

BY STELLA WYNNE HERRON

There is a street in our town
  It is not long nor wide
Above skyscrapers hang—
  Cliffs at a river's side:

Can bank and broker walls
  Hem in new destiny?
Or back the brimming flood
  Of waked humanity?

Weak drops with might commingled
  Can crack an iron vault—
Leave but a scum of bills
  Above upturned basalt:

Man's tidal wave of right
  Can part stone walls grown old
Widen for all the future
  That narrow street called Gold.

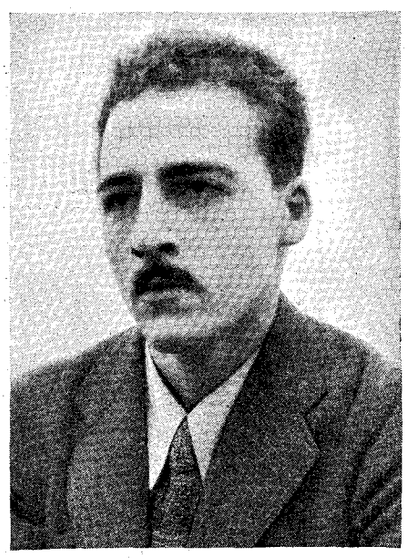
—From *Bowery Parade.*
(Delphic Studios, New York.)

LET US HAVE MADNESS

BY KENNETH PATCHEN

Let us have madness openly, O men
Of my generation. Let us follow
The footsteps of this slaughtered age;
See it trail across Time's dim land
Into the closed house of eternity
With the noise that dying has,
With the face that dead things wear—
  nor ever say
We wanted more; we looked to find
An open door, an utter deed of love,
Transforming day's evil darkness;
  but
We found extended hell and fog
Upon the earth, and within the head
A rotting bog of lean huge graves.

—From *Before the Brave*
(Random House, New York.)



KENNETH PATCHEN won a Guggenheim Fellowship this year with his first book of poetry "Before the Brave." For the moment he has turned from poetry to playwriting, a field new to him

THE LATE MEETING

BY ARCHIBALD MAC LEISH

Too cold too windy and too dark
The autumn dawn withholds the bees
And bold among the dooryard trees
The crow cries: the wild foxes bark:

Day alters: seasons alter: we
Walking the wet rut alter too:
The fault of strangeness is with you:
Strangeness is the fault in me:

We know each other—not the friend
Each for the other's love once made:
We know the cold and are afraid
Of new years now the year will end.

—From *Public Speech*
(Farrar & Rinehart, New York.)

APRIL SHOWER

BY THEDA KENYON

Once, in a showery April,
All the stars came down,
Like garlands of bright blossoms—
Until I thought I'd drown
In the rush of silver rain-shine
That overswept that town!

The star prongs pricked like frost-buds,
Flung on a gusty breeze;
The looped belt of Orion
Tinseled the burgeoning trees;
And I crossed common gutters
Knee-deep in Pleiades.

—*Voices.*

CARRY ON

BY LUCY ATKINSON MC ILWAINE

Deny the grapes are luscious, lad,
Deny the world is cold;
And warp your throat to careless song
When moon-made shapes are bold.

But draw your cloak—you shiver, lad—
And bar the probing beams.
Let no man see your hunger-pangs
Who feed on empty dreams.

—*Wings.*

VISION

BY GILEAN DOUGLAS

Trees are more eloquent against the sky
  Than any prayer which ever has been said;
And when the leaves drip down before they die
  I see the blood from one thorn-circled head.

—*Wings.*

EXPRESSION

BY RAYMOND J. FLYNN

God labored not to spin
This golden-petaled flower,
Nor logic's pensive din
May bless it with a shower.

But heaven's heart was wrought,
But earth travailed in fire
Telling a poet's thought,
Breathing a soul's desire.

—*Spirit.*

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THIS year marks the twenty-first consecutive year that the American people have voted Goodyear Tires their first choice by buying more Goodyear Tires than any other kind—*millions more!*

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FAITHFUL TREK TO ZAREPHATH ZION

Pillar of Fire Flock Hear Annual Message of Woman Bishop

"I open my mouth and the Lord God Almighty fills it. Listen, people, listen to the message. . . ."

Her eyes aflame with religious zeal, Alma White, seventy-four, silver-haired founder and leader of the Pillar of Fire Church, last week stood before 1,200 rapt followers in the town auditorium of Zarephath, New Jersey, seat of her sect, paused to raise her hand at a mighty chorus of Amen.

"Listen," she thundered, "believe in a topless heaven and a bottomless hell—uttermost salvation for the righteous and endless damnation for the wicked."

Dozens leaped to their feet, danced up and down the aisles. "'Praise the Lord, praise His holy name," they shouted. As the band struck up "Onward, Christian Soldiers," the entire assembly joined in this dance-march around and around the barn-like building.

Men ranged themselves on one side, women on the other; and together they spun around spiritedly, heads held high. Exhausted from fifteen minutes of such ecstasy, they sank into their seats, and the woman preacher continued her sermon.

Outside, a blazing New Jersey sun beat down on the cluster of buildings forming the religious community. Cornfields reared their tasseled stalks in green and gold splashes over the thousand-acre plot.

To this tiny Zion, faithful from all over the United States had converged in dust-caked cars, buses and trains to attend the annual rally of a religious sect which has only 3,000 members and, as its shepherd, the only woman bishop in the world.

Log-Cabin Bishop—Born Mollie Alma Bridwell, on a backwoods farm in Lewis County, Kentucky, Bishop White believes that at twelve she received a message from the Lord to teach spiritual lessons; at fourteen she entered a log-cabin school and spurted past her mates with prodigious speed.

At home she heard her mother recite exciting stories of the great religious revivals of the 'Fifties. Enraptured at the thought of such piety, the child sat for hours alone, unable to sleep for thinking of God.

Hearing the great evangelist, W. B. Godbey, when she was only sixteen, convinced her she was destined to preach the word of God. On her knees at the end of the mourners' bench, she believes she "suddenly lost consciousness. I felt I was carried away to hell. Black demons were all about me in this awful place; and lost men and women were weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth."

She insists that after serpents had wrapped their coils around her, she looked up to find the good evangelist kneeling beside her. Through him, she relates, she embraced the Lord, got rid of her burden, and promptly took over a cabin classroom as preparation for her preaching career.

At nineteen she went to live with an aunt in Bannack, Montana. Finally, at twenty-five, in Denver, she met and married Kent White, a Methodist minister. Refused permission to preach by his Church, she got partial satisfaction by forming missions in the wild gold-town camps of Colorado, Montana and Wyoming, haranguing the red-shirted gentry.

The church even balked at this, and Bishop White determined to form her own sect, based on the Methodist creed, but allowing women to preach. In 1902 she organized the Pentecostal Union, which in 1917 blossomed into the Pillar of Fire Church.

Dark Cloth—Because, when she was a child, a pet lamb was slaughtered and her parents gave her a blue bonnet instead of a pink one she wanted, Bishop White believed that God was "keeping her heart from being set on material things," as she put it.

Therefore, to her flock she prescribed that women should wear dark dresses without embellishment, the men dark suits with plain black ties. Children, too, she ruled must have simple garb. "Parents do not know the injury they do their children by permitting them to wear fancy clothing," she preached. "As a rule, the children never get over it, and later in life they are likely to become butterflies of fashion."

Thus thoroughly organized for her spiritual mission, Bishop White went about in combat with the devil.

"On a certain evening in Longmont, Colorado," she recalls, "I preached on the punishment of the wicked, warning the people that judgments would come speedily if they continued to resist the Holy Spirit.

"I was looking into the faces of a number of young men in the rear of the tent and felt the message was especially for them. But they refused to surrender at the foot of the Cross. The next day there was an explosion in a canning factory nearby, and six of them were badly scalded, one of whom died a few hours after the accident."

Feeling that the East was a more fruitful field for her work, she moved her headquarters in 1908 to a rolling tract of farmland fringing the town of Bound Brook, New Jersey. There, with her own hands, she helped to build what later became Zarephath.

Besides the auditorium, the community consists of a dozen farm-dwellings, the Alma White College, two preparatory schools, a large printing-plant, administration building, dormitories and a heating establishment.

Other physical assets of the Church valued at more than $1,000,000 spread from Coast to Coast and even abroad. While the membership actually listed on the rolls is only some 3,000, there are buildings in the following cities:

Los Angeles, Cincinnati, Jacksonville, Brooklyn, Providence, New Haven; Newark, Plainfield, and Trenton, New Jersey; Philadelphia, Wilkes-Barre, Pittsburgh, Washington, St. Louis, Chicago, Omaha; Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Longmont, Greeley, Boulder and Fort Collins, Colorado; Salt Lake City, San Francisco and London.

Assisted by Son—Western headquarters of the sect is in Denver, its first home, where a large church and college are maintained. These are in charge of Bishop White's younger son, Ray, forty-four. Another son, Arthur, forty-seven, assists his mother at Zarephath as minor bishop.

In 1925 she established a church and college in Hendon, London suburb. A branch formed in Germany at the same time was closed two years ago for lack of converts. Plans are afoot, however, to set up churches and missions in other European countries.

WAWZ-KPOF—Seeking fresh converts in the United States, Bishop White early saw the value of radiobroadcasting. In 1928 she started two stations: one at Zarephath (WAWZ, 1350 kilocycles) and the other in Denver (KPOF, 880 kilocycles).

Taking to the air every day, she studs her animated sermons with deft jabs at such personalities as Al Smith, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., the late Mary Baker Eddy, and other lay and church figures.

When not so occupied or in her pulpit at the auditorium, Bishop White keeps in virtual seclusion in the college dormitory. Dressed in black broadcloth, she reads the Bible, pens poetry and spiritual tracts and paints—a hobby she took up at seventy.

Every August, Bishop White summons her followers to her feet, gives them a message which does not dull within them for the next eleven months. For a week or more, the hardy zealots camp about the parched fields in tents, trailers or lean-tos, sending up a chorus of "Hallelujahs!"

Revival Fervor—Morning, noon and night they plod through the dust to the vaunted tabernacle, where the aging Bishop greets them with a fiery eye. Few religious communities know such old-time revivalist fervor as that which follows.

Ready to make their march around the church edifice last week, the Pillar of Fire worshipers patiently faced their leader.

"The depression," she said, "appears to have helped us. We have not experienced a mortgage foreclosure, we have met all our

© Underwood

Bishop Alma White, only woman bishop in the world, and her two sons, Arthur and Ray

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notes and all other obligations, despite heavier expenses than ever before.

"We are doing better to-day, from both spiritual and material standpoints, than we did in the boom days of prosperity."

Thereupon the 1,200 church folk swung to their feet and tramped up and down with great excitement, right arms extended to heaven in thankfulness. Finally, they filed out into the late summer heat, traipsed home in car and train.

KEEPER OF SABBATH:

Doctor Bowlby Leads Crusade in Metropolis and in Nation

Up and down one sizzling New York street after another, a short, wiry man, with smooth salt-and-pepper hair, beat an unwearied path in a small motor-car last Sunday.

As he whirred along, his sharp brown eyes peered from behind rimless glasses into the inner depths of sweltering haberdasheries and other shops.

Where they espied human life, he slapped on brakes, waited patiently to make sure customers had been served, proceeded to the nearest police station to complain.

Charge: keeping open on Sunday in violation of the State law.

Every Sabbath, the Rev. Dr. Harry L. Bowlby, sixty-seven, General Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, thus performs a compound of spiritual and temporal duty which for years has stamped him as New York's strangest detective.

Head of an organization whose sole purpose is to keep the nation's Sabbath quiet, dignified and holy, Doctor Bowlby is captain-general of sixty field agents operating from the Alliance's branches in twenty-one States.

Weekly, in the metropolis, he wages an almost single-handed crusade, growing stiffer by the year in the face of unimpressed police and courts.

Stern Prosecutor—Fighting to see that his usual "bag" of violators does not slip out scot-free, he trots around to court almost every Monday morning, pleading here with the judge, parrying there with the lawbreakers. His eyes grow stern, occasionally flash gleams of humor. His voice rings with the confidence of a John Knox preaching to wavering Scots.

"I'll tell you how to close the stores," a red-faced clothing-store man challenges. "Make the buyers stop coming around on Sunday. It would be a better world if people would mind their own business. Gee, I get sore to think about it."

Mopping a beady brow, Doctor Bowlby retorts: "Just let a few of them go up the river, and you'll see the stores close."

But in the end, the crusader usually gains his objective: a few $5 fines.

Tiny Essex Market Court, on Manhattan's lower East Side, is a battle-ground where many a rough-and-tumble experience has put him upon his mettle. There, recently, he nearly met a local Waterloo. Said Magistrate Michael A. Ford:

"The Sabbath law, in my opinion, is one that in years will come to be in a class with those hundreds of old blue laws, on the statute books of every State, never repealed, but never enforced because popular sentiment is not back of them.

Impatient Judge—"So long as we have legalized motion-pictures, baseball games and all sorts of recreational sports on

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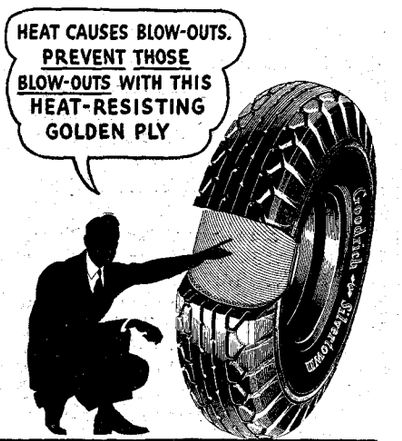

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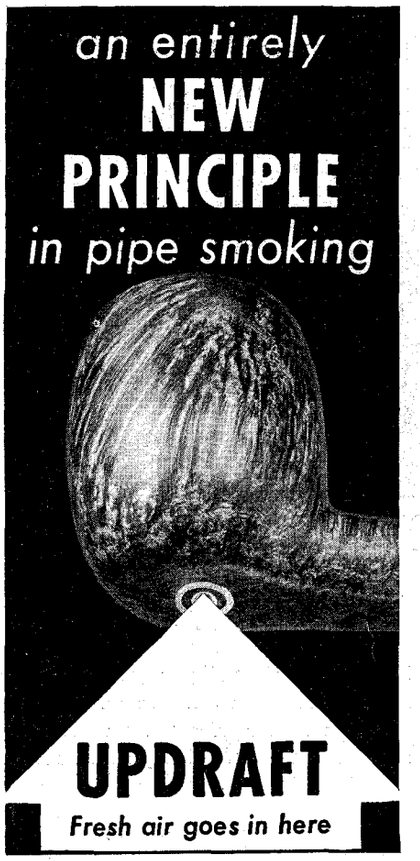
CARBURETOR KAYWOODIE



THE new **Carburetor Kaywoodie** has the following advantages:

a. *Its Perfect Mixture* (of Air and Smoke) improves the flavor, taste, and aroma — because the tobacco burns better.

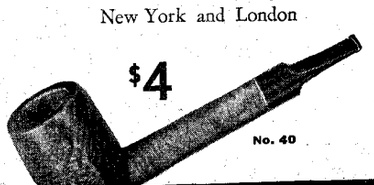
b. *Its Perfect Mixture* (of Air and Smoke) keeps your bowl dry even with constant smoking.

c. *Its Perfect Mixture* (of Air and Smoke) keeps your smoke cool, and will not burn your tongue no matter how fast you smoke.

d. *Its Perfect Mixture* (of Air and Smoke) takes the rawness out of any tobacco.

The Updraft of the new Carburetor Kaywoodie is the result of 5 years of steady, intensive experimentation. Now it's here—perfected. This new pipe looks just the same as the regular Kaywoodie, except that it has a "carburetor" hidden in the bottom of the bowl—it breathes at the bottom! It's MILD—mild enough for cigarette smokers! We ask all smokers to examine it at their dealer's—the new taste in pipes! Of course it has the famous **Drinkless Attachment** in the stem.

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc.
New York and London



GRADUATE *to* KAYWOODIE

Sunday, and even legalized liquor, I don't see why any member of the community should become unduly excited over the sale of groceries or even a suit of clothes.

"Of course, there are some among us who claim to be in intimate confidence of the Almighty and therefore claim the right to tell us what kind of a Sabbath is good for us. I don't belong to that class. In the enforcement of laws of this kind, whose strict application might conflict with the religious beliefs or rights of others, I will always be a liberal."

Doctor Bowlby replied: "We have to uphold the laws or we will wind up in communism."

Son of a New Jersey farmer-merchant, Doctor Bowlby couldn't decide whether to take up law, medicine or banking. Clerking in a country store, he met by chance the famed evangelist, J. Wilbur Chapman, and promptly chose the cloth.

Quitting his job, he passed rapidly through preparatory school, Princeton University and Princeton Theological Seminary. Upon graduation in 1904, he went to Altoona, Pennsylvania, as assistant pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, soon after took over the pastorate.

Post-Office Crusader—A fervent believer in the sanctity of the Sabbath, he first interested himself in the Lord's Day Alliance in 1910. It was then helping postal employees to close post-offices on Sunday. With another minister, he canvassed the whole of Altoona, got signers for a petition that was one of thousands sent to the Federal Government.

Victory came with a law enacted by Congress in 1912 which still stands as the biggest feather in the Alliance's bonnet. More than 150,000 letter-carriers and clerks enjoyed the Lord's Day of rest. In 1925 the Alliance won for them closing on Christmas Day, sharply following on the heels of a half-Saturday holiday.

In 1913, Doctor Bowlby succeeded the Rev. George W. Grannis, a Methodist minister, as the Alliance's General Secretary, and has been its leading spirit ever since.

Formed in Washington in 1888, the Lord's Day Alliance is supported to-day by twenty-four religious denominations.

Founder churches were: the Methodist Episcopal; Methodist Episcopal, South; Presbyterian, U. S. A. (North); Presbyterian, U. S. (South); Reformed Church in America, and the Baptist. First President was bewhiskered, dark-haired Elliott F. Shepard, son-in-law of William H. Vanderbilt.

The United Presbyterians came in almost immediately, others in following years. Latest member is the National Baptist, largest Negro church group in the world, with a membership of 3,750,000.

With a governing board named by member denominations, the Alliance operates on a yearly budget of $50,000 to $60,000. In 1929, it rose to $100,000. Toward these funds from $1,000 to $2,000 yearly is contributed by U. S. postal employees grateful for the 1912 crusade.

Most of the Alliance's twenty-one branches are in the East and Middle West.

Most States leave their blue laws up to the locality. Pennsylvania towns, for example, may vote through referendum to keep movie-houses open. Sixty-five did so; 100 others turned it down.

Going straight to the heart of things, the Alliance concentrates much of its work in State capitals. An average of more than forty commercial Sunday bills are defeated annually in State legislatures, some of which would legalize prize-fights, gambling, sale of liquor. Last year it helped abolish Sunday spirit sales in Indiana.

Kosher Code—Nor has its crusade lagged in other fields. When others said it couldn't be done, Alliance leaders closed cattle and other slaughtering establishments on Sunday throughout the nation. In New York City they got the Kosher butchers to agree on a Sunday-closing code.

Turning again upon the Federal Government itself, the crusaders obtained a weekly day of rest for all employees in the Federal buildings and for customs guards in all ports of the United States.

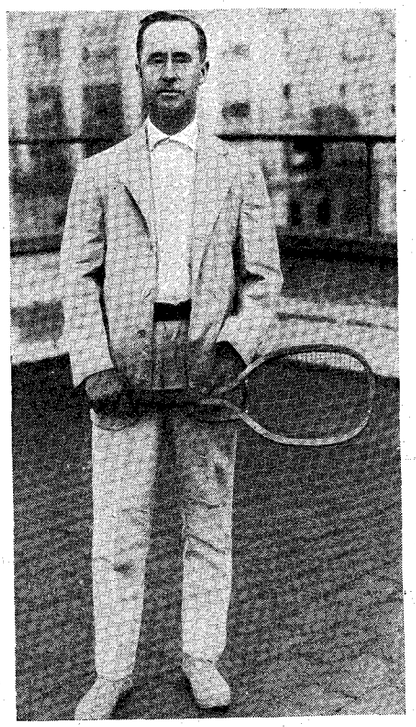
This year, in New York State, passage of a law was obtained giving prison guards a day off weekly, as well as an eight-hour day.

Last week, Doctor Bowlby announced he would seek a Congressional law to close the District of Columbia tightly on Sunday. Under way he had also plans for a national campaign to prevent Sunday opening of saloons and to prohibit the sale of liquor, an extensive program for banning commercial moving-pictures, and the locking up of grocery stores.

Writer for Cause—Well pleased with his work, despite setbacks, Doctor Bowlby maps and directs his campaign from organization headquarters on the eleventh floor of the Presbyterian Building, Fifth Avenue, New York. To promote his work he sends out thousands of booklets to churches and Bible schools; edits a quarterly magazine, *Lord's Day Leader;* contributes occasional articles to other publications.

Faithful to New Jersey, of which his ancestor was one of twelve founders, he makes his home in East Orange, plays a good game of golf, also tennis; preaches a forthright sermon.

Says he: "The time has come when powerful racketeers and political rascals must be brought to justice. It is they who have connived to upset this law and have made it impossible for the honest merchant and his workers to observe the Sabbath in quiet."



© Keystone

Energetic Doctor Bowlby: he wages a one-man war on New York shopkeepers who refuse to close their doors on Sunday

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Off-Side

Woman Driver—Haled into court for reckless driving, an Atlanta, Georgia, woman was so truthful she won the clemency of the Court. "Did you bowl over a milk-truck with your car?" she was asked. "Yes," said the lady, "and I also ran over a stop sign." "You are one in a hundred," the Court beamed. "Seven dollars."

* * *

Beauty Trap—"Give me a permanent wave, dye my mustache, arch my eyebrows and dye my hair," ordered a man in an Asheville, North Carolina, beauty parlor. The girl was suspicious. While she started on him, some one else called the police. He was wanted, all right.

* * *

Bird—Rafael Ruesga, Mexican consul at Tampa, Florida, has a bird that can prophesy rain, but he wants to get rid of it. Señor Ruesga admits this is very handy, since it tells him when he must put the windows down; but he would rather sleep, even on rainy nights.

* * *

Cabaret Culture—Night-club proprietors of Peiping, China, are worked up over a government edict forcing the show girls to go to school for at least three months and get "diplomas of culture." Maybe they think culture and swing music don't mix.

* * *

Rugged Individualism Note—A storekeeper in Nevada has a gold-mine for which he has turned down bids as high as $1,000,000 cash. He says he's afraid of the effect such sudden wealth might have on his sons, twenty-four and twenty.

* * *

Shingled Outcast—Since Frank Peck of Clarksburg, West Virginia, took his shepherd dog, Cholly, to be shingled, two pet cats that used to play, eat and sleep with Cholly, won't even let him in the house.

* * *

Marrying Mayor—The Mayor of Ogden, Utah, offers to find a mate for any unmarried person. Not only that—he promises to marry them free and to grant a recommendation for a free building permit.

* * *

Penny Cœsus—Lee Hawkins, clothier, of Red Oak, Iowa, delivered a new suit to a customer and was paid in pennies—2,600 of them. By the time he reached home he was exhausted.

* * *

Flashing Cobweb—Fremont, Ohio, neighbors saw a little light flash on and off in John Powers's attic. They called the electric company. A firefly had become caught in a cobweb.

* * *

Beggar's Luck—A wealthy woman of Lublin, Poland, stopped to give alms to a blind beggar and recognized her long-missing husband. He had lost his memory during the War.

* * *

Roosevelt at Ease—The only known intersection of Easy Street and Roosevelt Avenue is in Sayville, New York.

* * *

Wild Hawaii—Schoolboys in Hawaii enjoy their Wild West movies by shooting off cap pistols during exciting scenes.

* * *

Fatal Pop-Corn—Eight cows broke into a pop-corn field near Daykin, Nebraska, and ate their fill. It killed them.

Mystifying the Man who Mystifies the Public

By Blackstone, *World's Foremost Magician*

MAGIC is bread and butter to me. I earn my living by mystifying the public with such famous illusions as the apparently disembodied and living head of a woman. Yes, I've amazed and baffled millions of theatre goers the world over with this trick and many others. But the tables were turned the other day at the Gillette factory in Boston. I was the one who was amazed and baffled during an inspection tour of this truly marvelous plant where Gillette Blades are manufactured.

I found sheer mechanical magic—wonders I can't explain—on every floor of this scientific factory. I stood wide-eyed with astonishment as I watched the operation of the automatically controlled furnaces in which Gillette steel is hardened. On each furnace is a magical black box. In this box is a steel strip of exactly correct hardness for perfect razor blades.

Then—as the steel in process passes through the furnace it must match this bellwether strip for hardness. If the slightest variation occurs—presto chango!—the temperature in the furnace is automatically raised or lowered to bring the steel to the exact required temper.

No less mystifying is a device that "sees" through steel. Every coil of Gillette steel is submitted to this searching test. No hidden flaws can escape.

And I was amazed to discover that the edges of the Gillette Blade are so sharp that they are positively invisible. I was unable to see them even with the aid of the most powerful microscope.

I could write on and on about the marvels I saw. But summing it all up—when the scientific wonders in this plant can mystify a professional magician—isn't it natural that the Gillette Blade shaves stubborn bristles with magical ease? I am convinced that every Gillette Blade shaves you in perfect comfort because every Gillette Blade is itself perfect. It's a mystery to me how any man could shave with any other blade.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

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CONSERVATIVE LAWYER SPIRIT RULES

American Bar Association Upholds Power of High Tribunal

"Judges and advocates are often dull dogs," joked Henry Hanna, Justice of the High Court of the Irish Free State, before the American Bar Association Convention in Revolution-famed Boston last week. The lawyers laughed and glanced at their neighbors in Symphony Hall. The next morning they went back to committee reports, discussions about their new constitution, and speeches—some dull, some dramatic, some noteworthy.

Most important acts of the 3,267 corporation, criminal, mineralogical, transportation, international, real estate and other lawyers in their five-days sessions at the Hotel Statler:

1. After twenty years of debate, adopted a new constitution, reorganized the Bar Association.

2. Engaged in a minor squabble about "press, radio and the bar" and court-room publicity.

The complete report of a committee headed by Newton D. Baker was delayed. A criminal law section's attack on the Hauptmann trial and Gov. Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey was branded "unauthorized, irregular and improper" by President William L. Ransom, after it had been given out for publication.

3. Heard John W. Davis lambaste the Public Utility Holding Company Act of 1935 as "the gravest threat to the liberties of the American citizen . . . in my lifetime," and predict its fall at the hands of the Supreme Court.

4. Declared their anger at any attempts to abridge the power of the judiciary (as of the Supreme Court to declare laws unconstitutional).

5. Clashed sharply over the New Deal, with a "rights of citizens" committee voting four-to-three that the Roosevelt Administration was remiss in protecting constitutional rights.

6. Refused to back down on the Association's opposition to the Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution.

7. Continued the "conservative lawyer" tradition by voting down resolutions about the Mooney-Billings case, violations of citizens' rights in strikes, the Black Legion, and an amendment to the Constitution to give Congress and the States broad powers for social and economic legislation.

8. Approved affiliation with the *Union Internationale des Avocats*.

9. Said "no" to a motion to ask the WPA for a legal research project to help needy lawyers.

10. Elected as the next President Frederick Stinchfield, Minneapolis corporation lawyer and public utility director.

Quiddities Discussed—Boston found that lawyers in convention drop few of their "quiddities, quillets, cases and tenures." Last week, no exception, they delved into scores of reports on such subjects as legal training and admission to the bar, patent, trade-mark and copyright law, changes in statute law, Federal Court rules, law libraries, taxation, citizenship. They heard seventy-two hour-long speeches, held forty-nine open forums and round tables, debated formally over technicalities.

Gavels banged down on rostrums sharply on the minute scheduled for beginnings of meetings. General sessions, meetings of the delegates, and sectional meetings were staidly informal, linen suits making hot-weather mockery of heavy business suits.

U. S. lawyers did not follow the arrow

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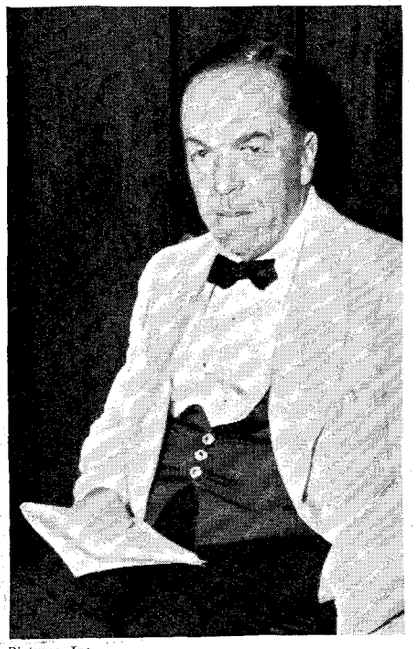

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LITERARY DIGEST Photo

Irish Justice Henry Hanna (left) told merry tales to American legal men, who named Frederick Stinchfield (center) to wield the Bar Association's gavel, and heard Attorney General Cummings speak in Boston's Symphony Hall (right)

LITERARY DIGEST Photo

Lawyers do everything but play bridge during long speeches on abstruse topics

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Clustered in the front of halls, the attorneys listened soberly. Toward the rear they lit pipes, whispered together, or read lengthy pamphlets.

Isms Assailed—There was small chance of ennui for legal-trained minds. Speech topics included: Justice Hanna on personalities of the Irish bench and bar; President Ransom on the need for a free judiciary; Donald R. Richberg, former National Industrial Recovery Board Chairman on "need for revision of antitrust laws"; John W. Davis against Communism, Fascism and Nazism; Attorney General Homer S. Cummings on releases from Federal prisons; Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School on modern organization of lawyers.

For still lighter entertainment, the ABA members and their wives had Boston's sightseeing (Faneuil Hall, Old South Church, Paul Revere's house); the "censor-city's" showing of the banned Czecho-slovakian motion-picture "Ecstasy," and the hotel bars. They left deserted the special "American Bar" that the pun-minded Statler manager had set up, but thronged to the regular Lounge Bar. Some of them, including Justin Miller, Dean of Duke University's Law School, besported themselves drawing weird animals on scratch-pads.

Reply by Press—Scanning reports of the lawyers' high jinks from his Connecticut farm, columnist Westbrook Pegler (Scripps-Howard) was not in accord with several of the legal opinions that newspapers clowned criminal trials.

"It is my opinion," he wrote, "that newspaper men usually treat court proceedings with just as much dignity and respect as the legal profession, which has charge of the conduct and tone of such things. . . . On the whole their conduct is pretty good, considering that they could be much worse and still remain within the law.

"But the Bar seems to forget that some of the most spectacular trapeze work in the Hauptmann circus was discoursed not by reporters or trained seals but by lawyers with a responsibility much more direct and solemn than that of the fourth estate."

Opinions on the Bar Association's proposals to check flagrant publicity at criminal trials were likewise not too favorable in the Newark (N. J.) *Evening News*.

"More immediately pertinent to the Committee's proposal is the question: What use is it to talk of clothing the courts with broader powers when, generally speaking, they do not exercise those they already have?

England's Example—"Stories broadcast by the American press and radio, prior to and during the Hauptmann trial, would have constituted contempt and would have brought summary punishment had they been made in England. . . . If American judges would show more gumption, generally speaking, in maintaining the dignity of their courts against the notoriety seeker and sensational newsmonger, the salutary effect would be marked."

That the mass of American people are not stirred by the idea of a non-partizan, non-political judiciary is asserted by the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. Speaking of William L. Ransom's remarks, it editorializes:

"What he says about the importance of court freedom under the American plan of government challenges the interest not of lawyers alone, but of thoughtful citizens in every walk of life. . . . There is some evidence that the American people are not stirred by the issue at all. More's the pity."

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Parade

On the eve of his eighty-eighth birthday, **August Heckscher**, philanthropist, composed an ode which he calls "1936":

"At last an eighty-niner,
Not forceful as a whiner,
Altho some wines I like!
No longer fit for sparking,
Not given much to parking,
I travel down the pike."

Due to the heat, Heckscher, for the first time in many years, did not attend the children's party for his birthday at Camp Heckscher, near Peekskill, New York, where it has been his custom to cut a huge cake large enough to feed more than 500 girls and boys.

* * *

"Never soap your face. Just dash cold water on it. That's my beauty secret." Such was the advice given by **George Bernard Shaw** to actress **Helen Hayes** on her recent visit to Malvern, England.

As experts clashed over the meaning of real beauty at the Atlantic City contest, **Zoe Mozert**, artist, declared: "Married women under twenty-five have a better chance. A contented marriage is an asset to a woman's beauty."

Al Woods, most famous theatrical producer of court-room dramas, is afraid of too much exhibitionism on the witness-stands of his shows. For this reason he declined to sign **Sally Rand**, fan-dancer turned actress, for a leading rôle in his next production. When she appeared to sign the contract, she had worn too short a skirt, it is said.

To set off their new $500,000 beach estate at Kaalawai Beach, Hawaii, **Mr. and Mrs. James Cromwell** (Doris Duke) asked permission to build a walled private pool. The Board of Harbor Commissioners refused on the ground that it would create "class legislation," and prevent others from free access to the beaches, "a public trust."

Mrs. Frances Seymour Brokaw, widow of George T. Brokaw, retired lawyer and well-known sportsman, announced her engagement to **Henry Fonda**, screen star, and former husband of Margaret Sullavan, actress.

Surrounded by reigning beauties of the South, **Miss Eve Mark-Wardlaw** of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, will be "the queen of tobacco" at the National Tobacco Festival, in South Boston, Virginia, on September 10 and 11.

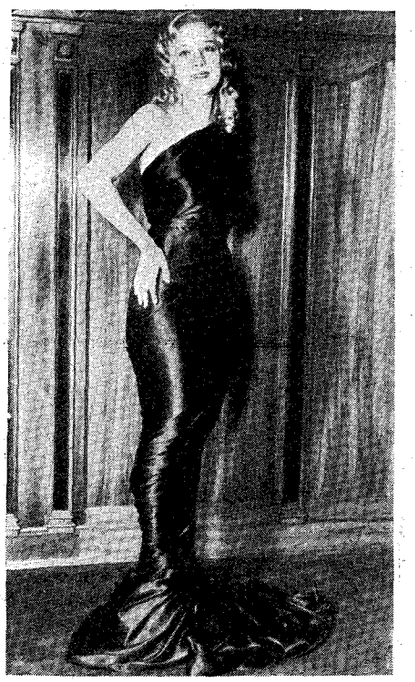
* * *

"I was not terribly impressed by the war talk," declared **Edsel Ford**, President of the Ford Motor Company, on his return from Europe. "There is definitely a better feeling economically. Business is better in every country."

"The situation in the Orient is not critical," observed **Vice-Admiral Zengo Yoshida** as the ancient Japanese cruiser *Iwate* stopped at Atlantic Coast seaports with several hundred visiting midshipmen. The Admiral also said he knew nothing about Nipponese plans to build a 45,000-ton eighteen-inch-gunned battle-ship. "Whatever ships were built would be built purely for defensive purposes."

Ready to start a western preaching tour, **Gypsy Smith**, evangelist, declared: "Religion will bring prosperity back to this country."

"What do you think I am?" asked **Jose Iturbi**, Spanish musician, in Cleveland. "I finish my program. It is over. Am I burlesque? Am I jazz-band?" As a guest conductor at the Great Lakes Exposition, he had been annoyed by the sounds of "hot-dog eating, pop-bottle opening, boat-whistles and street-cars." Accused by officials of having eaten a hot-dog himself, Iturbi replied: "Why, I ate three of them Monday night. But I finished them before going into the Plaza."



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Sally Rand, whose recent attempt for the legitimate stage was thwarted because of short skirts

* * *

The twenty-fifth anniversary of **Leo Tolstoy's** death is now being commemorated at Yasnaya Polyana, U.S.S.R. More than 200 writers and critics have made the pilgrimage from Moscow. According to statistics published, 11,750,000 copies of the philosopher and novelist's books have been published in the various languages of the Soviet Union, since the Bolshevik Revolution.

Maintained as a memorial to the assassinated President, **James A. Garfield**, his home has been reopened to the public by the Western Reserve Historical Society at Mentor, Ohio, suburb of Cleveland. "We believe we have faithfully replaced each piece of furniture in its old position," said Laurence H. Norton, President of the society. There are twenty-two rooms in the three-story house.

"No other political campaign, I am sure, ever aroused anything like the enthusiasm women are experiencing this summer," stated **Mrs. Curtis Bok**, of Philadelphia. "We know people who seem to have a bad case of homesickness for the good old days and that, we think, is pretty futile."

* * *

Albert Tangora, thirty-three-year-old New Yorker, won his sixth world professional typewriting championship in Chicago. For sixty minutes he typed at a net rate of 135 words a minute.

Entertaining Bedouins for several hours with his violin, **Paul Musikonsky**, twelve-year-old prodigy, was finally rescued in Arabia. In addition, as a reward for his playing, he was asked to marry the nine-year-old daughter of the tribe's chieftain. The boy had wandered away from his

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mother and teacher on a recent trip to the Dead Sea.

The average expectation of life of a man is fifty-nine years to-day, declared **Dr. Herbert B. Kennedy**, assistant medical director of the Woodmen of the World Life Association of Omaha, Nebraska. But the average of a woman is four years longer. He believes that in future years these ages will be even further extended.

* * *

In two weeks Ol' Lee Battle, seventy-one-year-old Negro, will resume his place as the honored guest on the football team's bench at Mercer University in Georgia. For thirty-seven years he has attended the games dressed in spotless white apron and stiff-starched chef's cap. Employed in the campus cafeteria, he has become known for his speeches between halves wherever the team plays. "The Cauldron," Mercer year-book, was dedicated to him last year.

Carl Cramer, author of "Listen for a Lonesome Drum," received a letter from a woman in Tennessee who liked the book. "I have just been appointed Deputy Sheriff down here," she wrote, "so if you will come down and write about Tennessee, I will see that you are protected."

"Give us pancakes and you can cut our tobacco supply," declared residents of the Summit County Home for the Aged at Akron, Ohio. Annoyed at a 50 per cent. cut in their chewing tobacco allowance, they refused to work until some arrangement was made. Pancakes and wheatcakes are now on the menu.

"Tibet is the only stable place left in the world," believes **Arthur S. Vernay**, Director of the American Museum of Natural History of New York. "Nothing has changed there since the Tibetans accepted Buddhism." He said other countries might well follow the Tibetan election system; select candidates by astrological processes. Vernay is planning to depart soon for the interior of Siam to look for a Schomburgk deer; the last one seen was during the reign of Queen Victoria.

Soviet peasants became terrified of the two-minute darkness during the recent eclipse of the sun, according to **Dr. Clyde Fisher**, astronomer. "I have never seen such an educational campaign as the Russian Government put on to advise the people that the two-minute eclipse was a natural phenomenon. Nevertheless, many became terrified and thought some unknown body had swallowed the sun."

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Paul Musikonsky fiddled his way out of captivity

* * *

Major General Douglas MacArthur, former chief of staff of the United States Army, received a commission as Field Marshal of the Philippine Commonwealth Army. He is assisting the Government in creating an Army and perfecting defense plans. Manuel L. Quezon, Philippine President, presented a gold baton to General MacArthur.

Dean of the American colony in France, **Edward Tuck**, former banker and philanthropist, observed his ninety-fourth birthday at his chateau near Paris. He has resided in France more than fifty years.

William V. Palmer's estate of $25,000 will be divided on the basis of a mathematical formula. The will of the former contractor, now retired, containing the code to the formula, was admitted to probate in the Surrogate's Court, at Buffalo, New York.

Upside-down thinking has its advantages, according to **Dr. Ronald A. Laird**, Professor of Psychology at Colgate University. He found that students did better mental arithmetic after eating and while lying with their heads lower than their feet. "If mankind went around on all fours the blood supply to the brain would be better," he declared.

Every one has a shifty look at one time or another, according to motion-picture tests taken of human optical action by **Dr. Brant Clark** of Los Angeles. The separate eyes take turns looking, he says, and the shifts are made so swiftly that other eyes can not detect it.

A motion-picture rogues' gallery is now being tried out by the Department of Justice. If experiments are successful and finances forthcoming, it is possible that "talkies" will be made of all Federal prisoners. "It is a great help to see a man walk and hear him talk," said **J. Edgar Hoover**, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

* * *

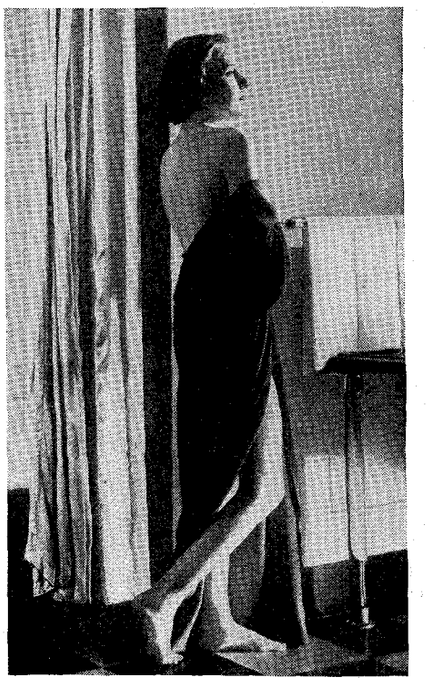
Proud of his paintings of animal and ranch life, artist **Harold D. Bugbee** of Clarendon, Texas, commented: "An animal never can look at my work and say: 'It's all right—but the mouth doesn't look right.'"

"Swing dancing will not last beyond this winter," said **Philip S. Nutt**, President of the American Society of Teachers of Dancing. "It's like the other dances. There for a month or so and then gone." At the fifty-eighth annual convention in New York City the most popular innovation was the musical comedy rhumba.

A rebellious twenty-nine-pound northern pike was wrestled into submission by **James Finehout**, nineteen-year-old son of Municipal Judge John W. Finehout of St. Paul, Minnesota. When the fish refused to be brought in, the young man jumped out and took a half-nelson on the pike.

* * *

Mrs. Grace Thompson Seton, author, explorer and lecturer, took 100 volumes of her "Biblioteca Femina" to Europe with her. They represent the works selected as the most important done by American women writers in the past 100 years. They will be exhibited at Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, at the International Council of Women's Conferences. The entire collection, containing more than 2,000 volumes and 100 pamphlets by women writers, is now housed at Northwestern University, Chicago.



She took a bath and gave her husband ATHLETE'S FOOT

SHE WAS A "CARRIER"

THIS lovely young woman doesn't know she is a "carrier" of Athlete's Foot. For Athlete's Foot is treacherous. There is no pain *at first* to warn of infection and the trouble to follow. Even now, *you* may be spreading this ugly disease wherever you tread barefoot.

Examine *your* toes tonight. At the slightest symptom of infection, such as redness, douse on cooling, soothing, healing Absorbine Jr. For unless prompt relief is given serious trouble may follow. The skin turns white and dies in patches; gets moist, peels, cracks open with painful rawness.

Absorbine Jr. brings comfort. It aids in healing broken skin and tissues. Its antiseptic properties kill the fungus of Athlete's Foot when reached. Don't be a carrier. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. Accept no substitutes. Try it at our expense. For a free sample write to W. F. Young, Inc., 345 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

If you are suffering with an extreme case, consult a doctor. So difficult is it to kill the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot, your own socks can re-infect you unless boiled 20 minutes when washed.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

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Sportsman's Special

INTRODUCTORY KIT—PIPE, POUCH AND TOBACCO

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

1 FISHERMAN'S POUCH made of Air-Tight, Waterproof, genuine English Oil Silk Regular Value—$ .50

FILLED WITH our famous Rum Cured Tobacco (Mixture No. 77) extra mild and fragrant and will not bite the tongue Regular value $2.50 per lb. Regular Value—$ .20

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—NEW YORK SHOPS—
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Dept. 131, 10 E. 45th St. New York, N. Y. Enclosed find $1 ☐. Ship POSTPAID 1 complete Sportsman's Special Kit. Ship C. O. D. ☐, I will pay on delivery, plus postage. My money will be refunded if I am not completely satisfied.

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Sport and Sportsmen

STAR COACH GIVES NO FIGHT TALKS

Bernie Bierman, of Mighty Minnesotans, Is a Laughing Chief

"Him give us fight talks? Nah, he doesn't waste the time."

The big full-back wiped the sweat from his forehead, trotted off to join a group of husky lads practising placement kicks on the University of Minnesota's broad gridiron. Near the center of the field stood the man who "doesn't waste the time"—a stocky, sweat-shirt-sheathed citizen with graying hair and jutting cleft chin. His name is Bernie Bierman, and he is head football coach of Minnesota's mighty Gophers. But he is more than that.

He is the outstanding college football coach in America, according to the prevailing opinion among 8,500,000 football fans canvassed by 192 newspapers. As such, he was named to lead an All-Star college squad of fifty-three men, chosen by the same voters, against the Detroit Lions September 1 on Soldiers Field, Chicago; against the New York Giants September 6 in the Polo Grounds.

When Easterners read on August 11 that Bierman had been elected to coach the All-Stars by a margin of more than a million votes over his nearest rival, Elmer Layden of Notre Dame, they scratched their heads for the explanation.

They were familiar with most of the outstanding and colorful names in coaching—"Pop" Warner, Alonzo Stagg, Fritz Crisler, Lou Little, *et al.* They remembered the long list of victories chalked up by Minnesota in the past few years, but the man behind the team was a comparative unknown.

Rise to Peak—To Bierman himself this was no surprize. He has always been self-effacing and prefers to let his teams speak for him. That they spoke with the voice of authority this year was emphasized by the vote that brought their mentor to the peak of his profession and to a pedestal well nigh equal to that of the immortal Rockne.

Born forty-two years ago in Springfield, Minnesota, Bierman's life has always centered about the gridiron sport. For many years as a boy he was forced to stay in bed or on crutches while doctors tinkered with an infection in his leg, and when he was at length able to use it, he more than made up for lost time.

A star in his last two years in high school, he followed a famous brother to Minnesota and took up the game under the tutelage of the famed Dr. Henry L. Williams, whom he still recognizes as his one and only teacher. As a senior and captain of the team, using the old "Minnesota shift," he presented to the coach the Western Conference (Big Ten) title for 1915.

Another Victory—Nineteen years later, coaching Minnesota for his third year and still using his own form of the Williams system, Bierman brought back the Conference title to the college that had not seen it since his graduation.

He left his *alma mater* to take a teaching post in a Montana high school and began to try his hand at coaching. But the War intervened and he joined the Marines, to emerge with the rank of captain and a vast respect for the military technique of concentrated forces.

Attempting to apply his new knowledge to football tactics at the University of Montana, he met with little success, and, after two discouraging years, went back to Minneapolis to sell bonds.

To his wife he professed a complete break with football and hastily turned to the financial page when she found him with the late sporting extras on Saturday night. To her suggestion that he should once more try coaching, he turned a deaf ear, and with heavy enthusiasm spoke of the rising market.

Back to Academy—The strain was too great, however, and 1923 found him at Pillsbury Academy in his old sweat-shirt, twirling the little whistle on its cord and giving his commands in a quiet, unhurried voice. Clark Shaughnessy, an old team-mate just then taking over the chief post at Tulane, begged him to come along as his assistant, and Bernie Bierman was once more on the trail upward.

In 1925 he began to find the right correlation of the technique he had been trying to master, and while he was coach of Mississippi A. and M., his team ungraciously shoved Tulane and Shaughnessy all over the lot. When Shaughnessy went on to Loyola in 1927, Bierman was the only man the Tulane Advisory Board could see as his successor.

Tulane's Green Wave swept the Southwest for two seasons, and on its crest Bernie Bierman at last came home to his old roost, and Minnesota fans began to look for the jutting jaw at the end of the bench as the home team gathered strength and power with each season. In 1932 there were five games won and three lost, in 1933 four won and four tied, and 1934 and 1935 showed an unbroken string of victories.

Publicity Achieved—With the great elevens of Iowa, Nebraska, Purdue and Michigan going down in defeat, Minnesota crashed into the sporting head-lines. The brilliance of her attack was noted, and the performances of such great backs as "Pug" Lund and Stan Kostka, but underneath there was always the suggestion of defensive strength and power. Power, and even more power, was the key-note of Bierman's teams.

This is the element that is Bierman's contribution to the All-Stars. He accepts and uses the modern "basketballing" of lateral passes and forwards, but no team of his throws desperation passes for a chance break. The background must be power, and the goal-line drive starts well back in home territory and is sharp and sure at the scoring end.

His quiet intensification of fundamentals finds favor with the boys who have played several years of top-notch college football. The "do or die" stuff is out, and in its place is the confidence of a smooth working machine.

Laughing Leader—Bierman is no chilly specialist. When he tells a back that he failed to make a necessary block and the big fellow covers with, "Aw, that guy Berwanger didn't get any blocking last year," Bierman laughs with the team, but the assignment is repeated again and again until it is perfect.

His teams at Minnesota have had a great

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record, but he is up against a vastly different type of opponent in the professional teams. Ever since Arch Ward of the Chicago *Tribune* conceived the idea of a pro-amateur game to benefit Chicago charities three years ago, the game has been the subject of endless arguments. The 1934 scoreless tie between the Chicago Bears and the All-Stars, claimed as a moral victory by both sides, in reality proved nothing to the fans.

Last year's 5 to 0 triumph of the Bears aroused a storm of controversy that ended with "Pop" Warner challenging the Pros to use an all-star team, on the theory that their team-play experience gave them an unwarranted advantage.

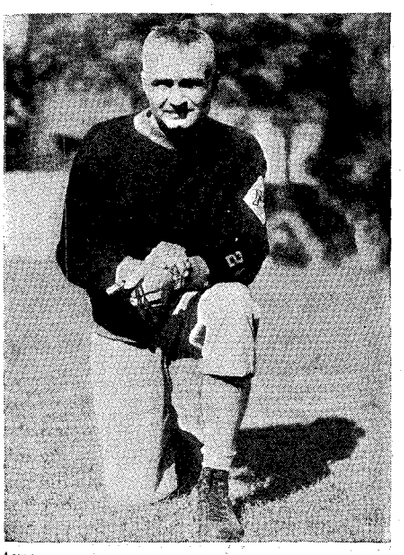
But there was no gainsaying the popularity of the game—as witness the 8,500,000 fans who took the trouble to mail in their ballots on coaches and All-Stars. This year, the New York *Herald Tribune* brings the game to the East for the first time under the auspices of its Fresh Air Fund, and interest along the Atlantic Seaboard correspondingly has risen to fever high.

Potent Factors—On the side of the All-Stars, experts find youth and speed the greatest factor. The names of Jay Berwanger of Chicago, Shakespeare, Millner and Elser of Notre Dame, Maniaci and Sarno of Fordham, Rees and Jones of Ohio State, Cruice and Tangora of Northwestern, Beise of Minnesota, Fortman of Colgate and Topping of Stanford are enough to dazzle the fans.

They can scarcely expect these stalwarts to punch the keg-lined holes in the pro lines as they did against college opponents. Still, the amateur group is one of the strongest ever assembled, and the reserves are plentiful—a vital factor to a team which has been working together a few scant weeks.

Opposed to this is the experience and unity of the professional teams. The old boys may be a little battered, since no one goes through a football season without attaining a working knowledge of sprains, bruises and "trick" knees. But the tricks of the trade are more firmly implanted by the force with which they are dealt out. Long association, constant practise and the familiarity with one another's little dodges give the professionals a powerful weapon.

Then there is the oft-repeated assertion that All-Americans go back to freshman status when they move into the upper bracket. College players often try to cash in on their reputations by playing Sunday football as a side-line, and for their pains receive a fair remuneration, stippled with broken bones and very poor press notices.



Acme

Bernie Bierman of Minnesota: mentor of the Collegiate All-Stars

Strong Opponents—To the stands they must shine in their old glory or take the consequences, and this month they face eleven powerful gentlemen who object strenuously to their shining. Professional football requires training as intensive as college, and as a week-end pastime is definitely not healthy.

But a picked team of stars, in perfect condition and trained by the best coaches the country can offer, should be a different proposition. Bierman's concentration on defensive strength closely approaches the professional style of play, and his Minnesota record places him on his mettle. Whether he has been able to weld a group of individuals into a smooth working unit, confident of its own strength, remains to be seen.

With the rules favoring neither team, the only professional touch being the goal-posts on the goal-line instead of the conventional ten yards back, the concensus seems to favor the Pros. The experience and unity tips the balance slightly in that direction. But into the scales, on the side of the collegians, must be tossed the experience and soft-spoken confidence of Minnesota's Bernie Bierman.

ATHLETIC STRAIN: Mental Concentration, More Than Muscular, Found to Cause Torture

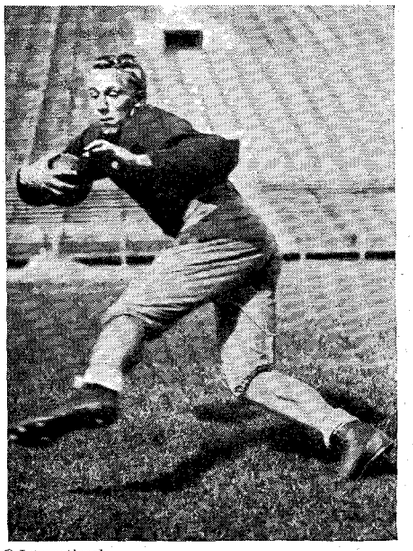
The sprinter comes burning down the cinder-track, his legs working like well-oiled pistons, his arms swinging smoothly, his chest rising and falling in easy rhythm. So coordinated are his movements that he seems to fly over the ground without effort—except for the tortured grimace on his face.

Familiar news photographs of charging football players, of crew men pulling the last stroke at an all-in finish, once sent up the bugaboo cry of "athlete's heart." Scientists, in examining the effect of the grueling Boston Marathon in 1935, largely exploded the athlete's-heart theory; Dr. Burgess Gordon, conducting the tests, found that even in athletes bordering on collapse, there was little effect on the heart.

Modern training and conditioning methods, too, have done much to remove the dangers of physical disabilities resulting from hard physical exertion. Frank Menke, in his "All Sports Record Book," reports that "Big Bill" Edwards, captain of Princeton in 1899, dropped thirty pounds in a game against Yale. Modern coaches find that their charges may lose a few pounds on a hard afternoon, but they gain them back almost immediately.

Effect of Training—In track, the effort required to galvanize a runner from a state of complete relaxation to top speed in a few seconds is compensated for by perfect training. His agonized expression disappears after a few minutes' rest.

Athletes themselves find that the tougher physical sports are less torturous than those requiring intense mental concentration. Professional wrestling produces some of the finest examples of facial contortion. The large muscle-and-grunt men run the whole histrionic gamut of human expression in an evening; yet the strain on their alleged brains is slight. In fact, the same repertory may be repeated night after night until old age finally chops down the ancient Thespian.



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Jay Berwanger of Chicago: can he crash through Pro lines?

On the other hand, drivers competing in the annual Indianapolis racing-classic find the physical aspects of driving 500 miles but a fraction of the total strain. The constant drum of tires on brick, the steady roar of the engines and the enveloping smell of burning gas and oil produce an exhausted feeling that constantly must be fought off. Taking a turn at 110 miles an hour requires a fast-moving, snap-judgment brain. At the finish of the race, a driver's face is etched with fatigue-lines telling the story of a fierce mental battle.

Expert's Findings—Intense concentration seems to be the core of facial reactions. Dr. Louis I. Dublin, in an exhaustive research into the longevity of athletes in *Harper's Magazine*, finds that baseball players live the shortest lives of all athletes. Baseball itself, however, does not call for the terrific exertion demanded in many other sports.

But the tense lines on the face of a runner sliding into second base, when the outcome of the game depends upon the play, might give some explanation to the figures. When the professional season includes 150 games with several such situations present in all, the mental stress becomes a tangible factor.

In other sports, too, the mental stress shows clearly in an athlete's face. Tennis is not the most exhausting of games; but when the set becomes focused on a particular serve, the player's face takes on more than an ordinary muscular tension.

Then there is the golfer who can drive 225 yards with an almost lazy ease. He approaches a six-foot put upon which fame and fortune may hang. The physical output required to stroke the ball over the distance is negligible; yet the roll of the green, the necessity for completely controlled muscles, judgment and timing, all cooperate in bringing out a harried look that would do justice to a Christian becoming lion fodder in a Roman circus.

Facial Record—In all sports calling for the conservation and judicious application of coordinated muscles—rather than completely unified exertion—the record of the

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AUTO-RACING

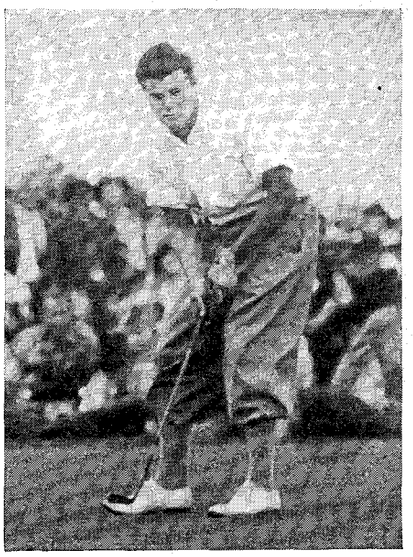
This calls for intense concentration

mental processes may be read behind the facial expressions. Even the matador, who must retain classic and sculptural calm as he maneuvers the bull toward the kill, can not retain his mask when a sudden misjudgment puts a new aspect on the proceedings.

Doctor Dublin's researches for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company indicate that the average life for athletes falls a fraction below the rate tabulated for insured lives. He propounds the theory that perhaps the athletic frame is not especially favorable to long life, since women in general live longer than men. The large, muscled body may wear itself out somewhat sooner than the small and physically underdeveloped.

The difference, however, is merely a fractional one, making no outstanding contribution to the discarded athletic debility theory.

But while athletes have ceased to worry about their hearts and chances of permanent physical injury, they are beginning to observe the paradox of concentrating on their own mental processes.



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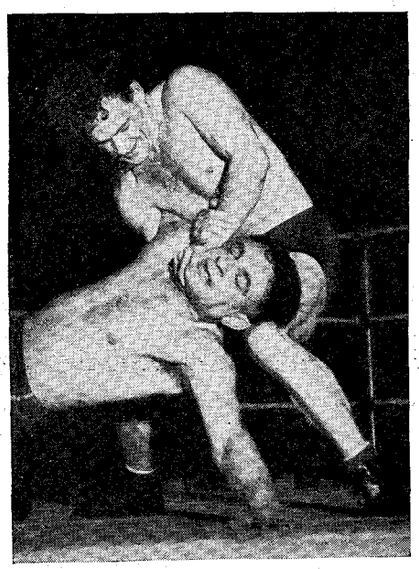
GOLF

Only a few feet to a championship



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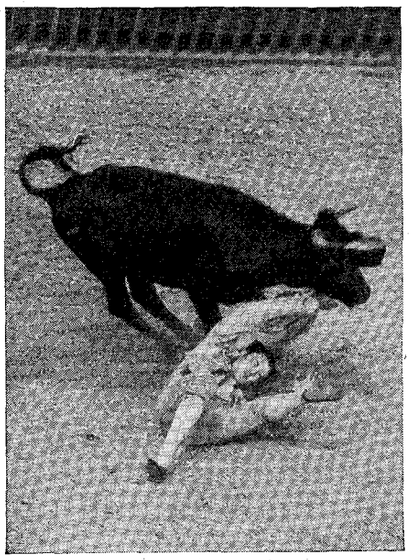
WRESTLING

Two experts in facial contortion



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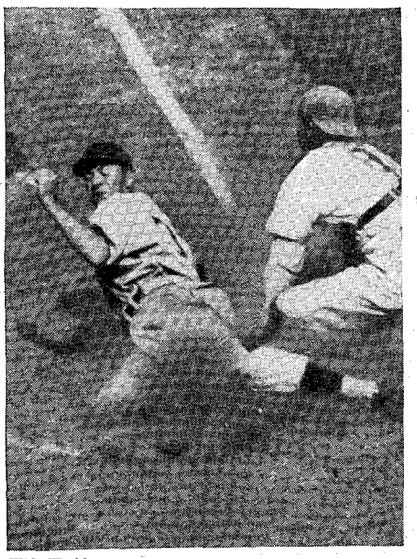
BULL-FIGHTING

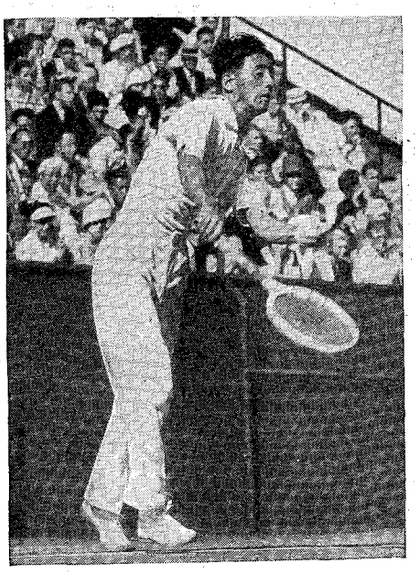
A slip destroys an artistic campaign



Wide World

BASEBALL

Slides don't increase his life-line



Acme

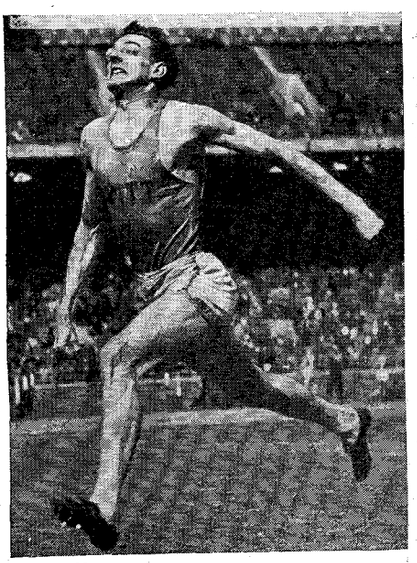
TENNIS

One point . . . may determine a match

Acme

ROWING

An old shibboleth overthrown



Wide World

TRACK

No worries about "athlete's heart"

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Advertising

CAR CARDS READY TO FLASH IN BUSES

Inventive Publicist Finds a Way to Utilize Interstate Greyhounds

On a hot morning in August, 1935, thirty passengers on a Pacific Greyhound bus rumbling north from San Diego leaned forward in their seats. Up front something was going on that motor-coach travelers had never before seen.

Suspended from the ceiling to the right of the driver was a silver screen about two feet wide. Every ten seconds a soup, razor-blade or tooth-paste advertisement popped on the screen, lingered long enough to be read, then disappeared. Each advertisement was a brilliant splash of color—reds, blues, oranges, greens. The passengers liked the novelty.

With the support of test runs of this kind in all parts of the country, two-months-old Motor Coach Film Advertising, Inc., of New York, began making the rounds of national advertisers last week to show them how they might reach directly a share of the 650,000,000 bus fares expected in 1937.

Bus advertising is the inevitable offshoot from Barron G. Collier's "car cards." Thirty-two years ago, Collier was spending his mornings scattering straw on the floors of Memphis street-cars to keep the passengers' feet warm, his afternoons selling advertising space in the cars to local merchants, his evenings printing crude, irregularly shaped signs which told Memphis citizens what to buy and where.

On this meager but solid foundation rose Barron G. Collier, Inc., which ultimately pushed its cards into more than 40,000 street-cars all over the country.

Alluring Field—With the rapid growth of intercity bus travel, it was natural that advertisers should attempt to adapt Collier's car-card idea to this new form of transportation. The cards worked all right until 1928, when bus companies decided to place racks for baggage inside their coaches. Since the racks could be placed only above the windows, where the cards had been put, this move appeared to mark the end of bus advertising.

Agents who held the rights to such advertising were puzzled. Cheap fares and steadily increasing comfort were bringing converts to bus travel by the million every year. Such an audience was too good to drop.

One agent decided to do something about it. His name was Joseph C. Houck. Affable and mild-mannered, he had been connected with bus travel since its infancy. Houck was of an inventive turn of mind. As a boy in St. Paul, Minnesota, he had perfected a device which enabled him to play a guitar and harmonica at the same time for his neighborhood orchestra. To a steel ring he attached seven harmonicas, each tuned to a different key. When the band changed its pitch, Houck delighted his audience by twirling the ring in the air and catching in his teeth the harmonica pitched in the same key.

Westward Venture—After a varied career which included prospecting in the Klondike gold-fields, program and asbestos curtain advertising in St. Paul theaters, and the perfecting of the first theater candy-vending machine (which he placed on the backs of seats in every Minnesota movie-house), Houck moved to California in 1923.

There he got the advertising rights in the fast-growing Greyhound lines, destined to develop from one car running between two Minnesota villages in 1914 to a great fleet of parlor-car coaches zigzagging through 46,000 miles of routes spread out over the country.

Having stepped out of Greyhound's way on baggage racks, Houck doggedly set about inventing a new medium for bus advertising. His first idea was a rotating machine which could carry eight or ten signs. In 1931 he constructed his Rotator, then organized Transportation Advertising, Inc., to put his plan into operation.

There was more bad luck. Greyhound buses went stream-line, along with motor-cars and trains. Houck's Rotator could be placed in the new buses only at the risk of blocking the aisles and injuring passengers.

Determined to get around this obstacle, he fell back on an idea he had been mulling over for a long time—a small camera which, hung in a corner of a bus, would throw advertisements on a daylight screen.

Device Perfected—A year ago, he finally had what he wanted. His camera was ten inches high. Wired to the motor of the bus, it contained two bulbs (one of which automatically flashed on when the other burned out), special heat-resisting glass to prevent the emulsion on the film from being melted by the bulbs, and a Technicolor film that could not burn. Suspended in a bracket from the ceiling of the bus, the camera would be out of the way of passengers. It would stop running only when the motor of the bus was shut off.

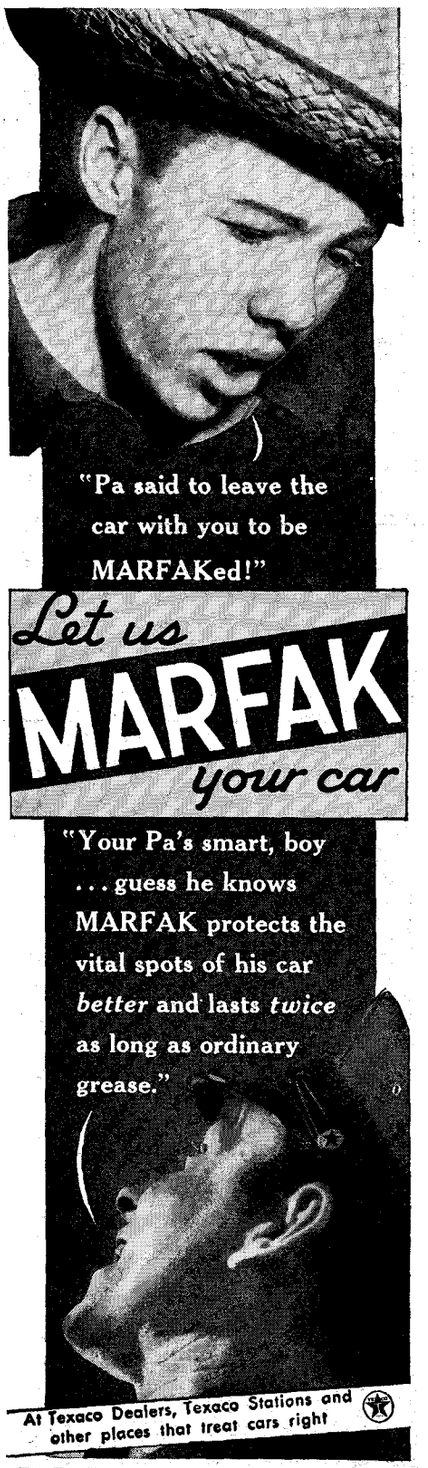
The screen was twenty-one inches wide by eleven inches high—the size of a car card. Since it was made of white rubber and shielded from light on three sides, no bus passenger could fail to see any message flashed upon it.

Houck's plan was to get a film about four feet long, containing sixty "frames," or spaces. In thirty of the frames there would be advertisements which would flash on the screen in full, natural color for ten seconds. In twenty more there would be "educational" still shots of American scenic views such as the Grand Canyon, and of movie stars appearing in pictures current throughout the country.

Admonitions Also — The remaining ten would consist of notices which ordinarily appear in buses; "Smoking in Four Rear Seats Only," "Do Not Stand While Bus Is in Motion," *etc.* Pictures and notices would editorialize the advertising thus making it more attractive.

The Spencer Lens Co., of Buffalo, manufactured Houck's camera for $30.37. Technicolor, Inc., of New York City, made the film. Universal Pictures gladly furnished slices of film which featured its stars.

Thus equipped, Houck set out to test his new advertising device. On runs between Chicago and New York, Memphis and Little Rock, Philadelphia and Richmond, he mingled with the passengers, scoffed at his own invention installed in the buses, asked his fellow-travelers if they


"Pa said to leave the car with you to be MARFAKed!"
Let us
MARFAK
your car
"Your Pa's smart, boy ... guess he knows MARFAK protects the vital spots of his car better and lasts twice as long as ordinary grease."
At Texaco Dealers, Texaco Stations and other places that treat cars right

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Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 14,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."
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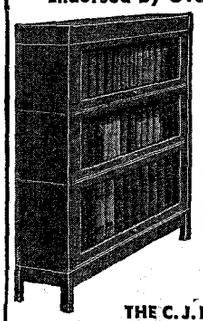

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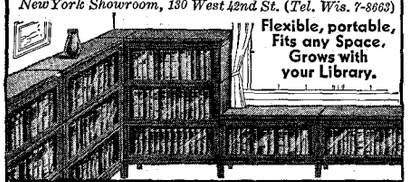

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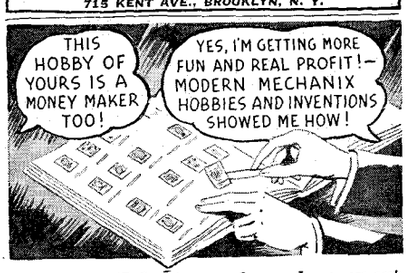
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thought the bus companies should be permitted to get away with this sort of nuisance. Delightedly, he discovered that he scoffed alone. Other passengers either defended the film as a means of diversion, or tolerated it good-humoredly.

On the test run up the Pacific Coast from San Diego, he walked to the front of the coach, threw a black cloth over the screen, and announced that he would give a box of candy to the passenger who could list the largest number of advertisements which had been appearing on the screen during the previous two hours.

One woman was able to name twenty-eight out of a possible sixty-four advertisements. The average for the thirty passengers was fourteen.

Backer Obtained—In California, Houck's camera caught the sharp eye of Floyd B. Odlum, President of an investment trust company, the Atlas Corporation. After a ten-minute interview, Odlum gave a check for $100,000 to Houck and received half the stock of Transportation Advertising, the inventor keeping the other half. Then Atlas's President organized Motor Coach Film Advertising as an agency to sell this new medium to national advertisers.

A strong talking-point for Motor Coach Film is that its head-on advertising will ultimately appear in about 3,500 buses, and will be seen by more than 6,000,000 fares a month. For a shipment of 3,000 cameras which arrived last week, the company has berths in all the coaches of the Greyhound and affiliate lines (some 2,000 buses), and eleven other independent, non-local lines.

For each camera, bus companies will receive a rental fee of $50 yearly. The first advertisements are scheduled to be run off on November 1.

Motor Coach Film's rates are $1 a month per display. If advertisers become enthusiastic over this medium, Houck will begin work at once on something newer and bigger—motion-picture color advertising for use in bus terminals, railroad stations, possibly even motor-coaches.

Press

DROUGHT FAKERS: Fargo Paper, as President Arrives, Charges Hoaxing With Pictures

Pools of water glistened alongside the Northern Pacific tracks over which the Presidential drought-inspection special train rolled into Bismarck, North Dakota Capital. Scrawny cattle browsed in great patches of short grass, newly green on plains where, not long ago, the only provender for live stock was Russian thistle.

No "Great American Desert" unrolled before the eyes of President Roosevelt as his train chugged along on the heels of three weeks of showers for the parched Dakota plains. On his breakfast-table, along with toast, scrambled eggs and an outsize cup of coffee lay the Fargo *Forum (and Daily Republican)*.

On its front page, a two-column letter addressed the occupants of the Presidential train. Between bites and sips the President read:

LISTEN, MR. EASTERNER

Gentlemen, welcome to North Dakota.

You are now on the scene of one of the year's greatest news-stories, a story of man against the elements, a story of a human struggle. By now, undoubtedly, you have inspected our little parade of pictures. If they have intrigued you, make no doubt of it they have intrigued us even more.

May we suggest, in all friendliness, that while you are in these parts, you take no wooden-nickel pictures like this? May we suggest that you dodge the salesmen of gold-brick news-stories who may haunt you here and there?

May we point to certain angles of this big, human story, which can't be told in pictures, real or faked? . . .

Then, *The Forum* reproduced three photographs broadcast throughout the nation purporting to show North Dakota's drought "desolation." Ripping out trenchantly, the paper, in captions, called these pictures "fakes."

At the top right hand of *The Forum's* front page was a picture of a sweep of sand, fence and bleak rolling hill, half-bald of grass in the background. A steer's skull rested in the foreground.

"The skull?" asks *The Forum*. "Oh, that's a movable 'prop' which comes in handy for photographers who want to touch up their pictures with a bit of the grisly.

"Somebody peddled this picture to The Associated Press, which innocently took it and passed it on for general circulation throughout the United States."

At the right-hand bottom of the front page, *The Forum* presented the picture which appears on this page of THE LITERARY DIGEST, and commented:

"Somebody sold this gold brick to Times Wide World Photos. . . . It went out and around the United States to daily newspapers and weekly newspapers as well."

Even "Forum" Bites—At the top left-hand corner of the page was a picture of a motor-car driving in the bottom of the dried-up Missouri river. Another accompanying picture of the same spot taken by a *Forum* cameraman reveals a broad sweep of water and boats. This was the caption:

"Blushingly, *The Forum* admits that it, too, fell for this photographic gold brick, a blatant, crude fake."

The Associated Press and Wide World news-picture agencies are investigating the Dakota hoax charges.

"A photographic trick—superimposing a picture of a herd of cattle on a picture of the North Dakota State Capitol Building," said the Fargo "Forum"

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Wings

STREAM-LINING IN SKIES ACROSS U. S.

Nation's Crack Flyers to Race in New Quest for Speed

As dim daybreak in the Atlantic slides into rosy dawn on September's first Friday, the curtain is hoisted on what air-minded press-agents call the "Sixteenth Annual World's Premier Aviation Classic." First scene of Act I in the 1936 National Air Races begins in the East.

On Floyd Bennett Field, Barren Island, New York City's 387-acre white elephant* air-port, a flier's dozen of aerial speedsters will be alined for the Vincent Bendix Trophy Race, New York-Los Angeles dash.

No slow-pokes will be at the joy-sticks of the stream-lined speedsters. To qualify for the Bendix Trophy, contestants must have averaged 225 miles an hour. Some fly new ships; others pilot redesigned old planes in the never-ending quest for speed.

Their reward in this acid test of aeronautical engineering and skilful navigation is added glory and the $10,000 prize-money shared by the first five in transcontinental time. If the one who finishes first betters the nine-hour, twenty-five-minute, ten-second transcontinental speed record set last January 14 by Howard Hughes, "Hell's Angels" producer, he wins a $2,500 Bendix bonus. All must land at the Los Angeles Municipal Airport between 1 and 6 P.M., on September 4.

Added Power—Roscoe Turner, who wears a spiky mustache and self-designed sky-blue uniform, pins his hopes of recapturing the record on a new racer with a twin-row, radial, air-cooled Wasp engine developing 1,150 horse-power. B. O. ("Benny") Howard, United Airlines pilot whose *Mister Mulligan* won both the Bendix and coveted Charles E. Thompson speed trophies for the first time in one race-week last year, has 800 more horse-power this time.

They'll have to land for petrol several times along the 2,446-mile course as the crow flies from East to West, but George W. Haldeman of Delaware won't take the trouble to refuel. His phenomenal long-range Bellanca monoplane has the rated ability to scud 3,500 miles non-stop. Its top speed of 280 miles an hour makes it a serious contender.

*Principal air-port for New York City and the metropolitan district is at Newark, New Jersey, terminus for air-lines and air-mail.

For the first time, women will be serious contenders for Bendix honors. There's to be a duel between Amelia Earhart Putnam and Laura Ingalls. Miss Ingalls took the westbound and eastbound flying marks away from Mrs. Putnam last year with non-stop flights of eighteen hours and nineteen minutes and thirteen hours and thirty-four minutes, respectively.

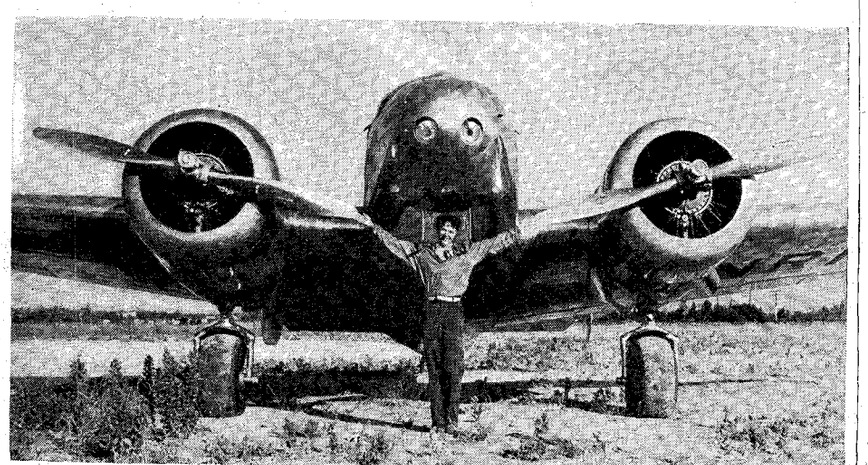
Human Test—Miss Ingalls is defending her laurels with the Wasp-powered Lockheed-Orion single-engined ship in which she won them. Mrs. Putnam isn't merely trying to recapture these marks, but will combine the race with opportunity to test the "human equation in flight" for Purdue University, where she is consultant in aeronautics.

Her $70,000 "flying laboratory" is an all-metal monoplane, normally equipped to carry ten passengers and two pilots. Built to suit Mrs. Putnam, its passenger seats have been replaced by extra fuselage tanks adding 1,250 gallons of gasoline, giving a cruising-range of 4,500 miles propelled by two Wasp motors of 550 horse-power each.

Erasing human error, there is a radio homing-device to guide the plane to port and a Sperry Gyro Pilot, a mechanical device replacing the aviator at the controls, so that the ship actually can be flown without human guidance. Elaborate two-way radiotelephonic communication can keep her in contact with air-ports along the course.

Purse Hung Up—For the last act of the 1936 air-drama, there is the Charles E. Thompson Trophy Race, in which sixteen planes, new, faster and more powerful than in any previous tournament, some of them little more than flying engines, will participate on September 7. Of the purse, $17,500 will be divided among the fastest six, graduating from 5 per cent. for sixth place up to 40 per cent. for the winner, who will get an additional $2,500 if he exceeds the record, 252.686 miles an hour.

The speed-kings must make fifteen laps around checkered pylons ten miles apart. Past experience has shown that death lurks behind these black-and-white pyramidal shafts marking the beginning and the end.



Amelia Earhart Putnam "flying laboratory" tests "human equation in flight" even while racing

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POWER: MAKING IT MORE POWERFUL

Experts of 52 Countries in Own League Review Possibilities

In Washington this week, *Uncle Sam* and America's public utilities played host to a League of Nations.

Fifty-two countries sent 3,000 participants, but unlike Geneva's delegates, most were engineers, scientists and producers.

Chief object of the Washington parley was to pool the civilized world's knowledge of power generation, its utilization and conservation. Similar power conferences had been held every six years since 1924.

In 1923, D. N. Dunlop, a British engineer, dreamed of bringing nations closer together by putting the world's engineering brains to work on the basic economic and technical problems of power. To every economist and engineer who would listen, Dunlop drove home in soft-voiced Oxford English his pet thesis:

Power has transformed the globe, altered man's way of living; but society has lagged. The larger economic problem must be solved before the full benefits of power development can be realized.

Idea as Legacy—Dunlop's idea blossomed into a world parley. To the first World Power Conference in London came 1,700 technicians and economists; to Berlin in 1930 came 4,000. Permanent headquarters were established at London. Last year Dunlop died; his "League of Nations" lived.

But tho they gathered to discuss them, participants performed their most notable feats back home. These feats included the preparation of 300-odd papers dealing with the sources of power, from the winds which drive Holland's windmills to the charcoal used to heat Asiatic homes. Strictly *verboten* were narrow, technical studies. What conference bosses wanted chiefly were papers dealing with the economics of power.

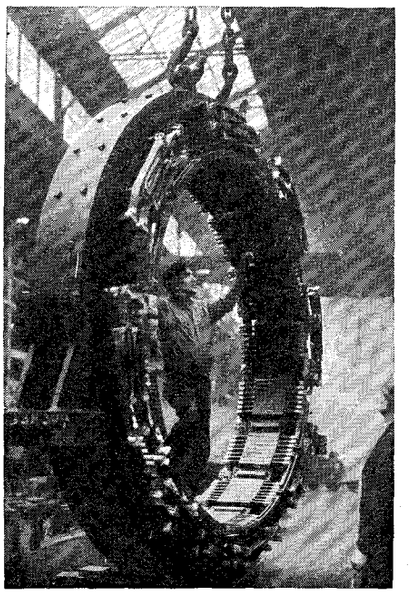
To digest the 300 papers, a conscientious student of power could spend eleven days and eleven nights of continuous reading. The Conference, therefore, banned the public delivery of papers and ordered brief discussions of their contents instead.

Proudly, Dr. Julius Dorpmueller, head of Germany's Government-owned railroads; Franz von Epp, Governor General of Bavaria; Sir John Cadman, Chairman of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co.; Henri de Fontenelle, President of France's Central Committee on Coal Mines, this year concurred in the opinion that the world was on the eve of a new power boom. In fifteen years, the world will have doubled its electric output.

American Leadership—Proudest of all were the Americans, as Floyd L. Carlisle, Chairman of the Board of the Consolidated Edison Co., New York, produced the following facts:

1. In 1933, American utilities distributed 82,000,000,000 kilowatt hours of energy to 126,000,000 citizens. The combined utilities of England, France and Germany distributed 38,000,000,000 kilowatt hours of energy to 155,000,000 consumers.

2. Last week's sales to American consumers hit an all-time peak: 2,125,520,000 kilowatt hours, a gain of 15 per cent. over last year.



Wide World

Power: this week 3,000 engineers and economists discuss it at Washington

In their native languages, conferees posed these problems:

What are the advantages of public and private ownership? Can both types be operated side by side in one country? In the world's first encyclopedia on power to be composed from the Conference's papers, directors hoped to answer these questions. The encyclopedia would contain seven volumes, 6,000 pages, 2,000,000 words.

To unscramble the babel of languages at discussions, conferees had merely to clamp on the ear-phones of their Finley-Filene electric translators. By turning on selectors on the arms of their chairs, they listened either to English, French, German or Spanish. The speakers' words had been broadcast to booths occupied by interpreters, who in turn rebroadcast translations into the mechanical translator.

Between meetings, busy delegates sandwiched visits to electrical exhibits.

Harnessing Sun—To gaping engineers from Australia, Uruguay, the Union of South Africa and Finland, Dr. Charles Greeley Abbott, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, displayed his solar-power machine, reported to be three and one-half times as efficient as any solar-power machine ever devised. Humbly, he told spectators, "the machine, however crude it may seem a century hence, will enable the power industry to make the transition from coal and oil without much sacrifice."

At Herndon, Virginia, near Washington, Russian engineers marveled at the Yankees' electrified farm, set up by the Rural Electrification Administration and the National Electrical Manufacturers Association. There they saw electricity chop wood, grind sausage, churn butter. In the electrically air-conditioned farmhouse, electricity dried the farmer's wife's hair, shaved the farmer's son, electrocuted flies.

Little known to the delegates from abroad was the drama enacted behind the scenes as Government New Dealers and utility men sought to out-jockey each other in the race to steal the show.

It all started when New Deal power chiefs jumped at the chance of subsidizing and setting up the Conference when privately owned utilities, busy with regulation problems at Washington, failed to respond promptly.

New Deal Aid—To O. C. Merrill, Director of the Conference and one-time Executive Secretary of the Federal Power Commission, New Dealers gave $75,000 for conference costs, cornered outstanding Executive Committee posts. In addition to the customary Honorary Chairmanship to the President of the United States, Secretary Ickes was named Honorary Vice-President and Chairman of the American National Committee. To the important Executive Committee Chairmanship was named Morris L. Cooke, driving head of the Rural Electrification Administration.

With misgivings, utility men noted the Conference's concern with matters which smacked of the New Deal. Invited to cooperate, however, utility men pitched in. Floyd L. Carlisle headed the Finance Committee, raised $100,000 from the power industry.

While utility men feared the New Deal's influence in Washington, they looked forward to the junkets arranged for conferees to representative industries in New York City, Schenectady, Chicago, Detroit and on the Pacific Coast. Among the triumphs of private enterprise, utility men reasoned, delegates would be safe from the public ownership bug.

DOW-VOX: Voice From a Little Black Box Spreads Up-to-the-Minute Market News

Wall Street has a new gadget. Daily, in fifty offices in New York's financial district, a little black box now smoothly vocalizes up-to-the-minute, market-affecting news items, precisely as loud-speakers more stridently announce train departures in railroad stations.

Stock-brokers and their customers loll comfortably in armchairs and listen while the black box speaks. No longer need they rush to sputtering news-tickers and jostle one another to learn of the latest dividend increase, crop estimate, steel production rate or Supreme Court decision. No longer need they turn their eyes from the stream of changing stock prices on luminous translux screens to be informed of what has just happened to cause further changes.

The little black contraption is Dow-Vox—Vox for voice; Dow for Dow, Jones & Company, Wall Street synonym for financial news. Product of American Telephone & Telegraph's subsidiary Teleregister Corporation (electric stock quotation-boards), Dow-Vox wire-broadcasts crisp epitomes of information that Dow-Jones is simultaneously printing throughout the country on electric news tickers, teletype machines and messenger-distributed bulletins.

By adjustment, it can speak softly or with force, can either recite running news fully or restrict itself to "hot news" flashes having immediate stock market importance. The present monthly cost of the service is $25 to all and sundry, but less to Dow-Jones and Teleregister patrons.

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Now confined to New York City, a wide extension of Dow-Vox service is in prospect.

The new Voice of Dow-Jones is aptly named. More than fifty years ago, Charles H. Dow and Edward D. Jones, then young men, quit their reporters' jobs with Wall Street's only news-distributing bureau (Kiernan's) and started one of their own. Their first output was a flimsy stylus manifold, boy-delivered to brokers' offices hourly.

Expansion—Soon they invented a hand-driven cylinder press capable of printing fifteen-line bulletins (150 words). In time, they combined these bulletins at the end of each day to make up a circular captioned "Dow, Jones & Co. Summary," for which subscribers paid $1 a month.

From the bulletins has developed the individual printing-machine news service (broad-tape tickers) which Dow-Jones now supplies not only to Wall Street but also to seventy-two American and Canadian cities. From the Summary has grown *The Wall Street Journal*, now the greatest daily financial newspaper in the world.

Driving Leader—To-day an American institution, Dow-Jones is largely the product of the late Clarence Walker Barron, Boston newsman, whose family became its owners in 1902. Urbane intimate of potent New York and New England financiers and industrialists, Barron broadly developed the organization which studious Dow and peppery Jones had created, gave it character and authority.

In addition to *The Wall Street Journal* (circulation 31,000) and its San Francisco edition, Dow-Jones publishes financial dailies in Boston and Philadelphia, and also *Barron's, The National Financial Weekly*, in New York. Employees number nearly 650, exclusive of correspondents in more than 100 cities throughout the world. A stone's throw from the New York Stock Exchange, Dow-Jones's own eight-story building is wholly occupied by its staff and mechanical equipment.

From the news-room there, an almost continuous stream of business and financial news flashes by ticker and teletype to 2,000 subscribers scattered across the continent. From the same room go out half-hourly printed bulletins, sometimes 160 a day.

Present Dow-Jones number-one man is young (thirty-nine) Kenneth Craven Hogate, Phi Beta Kappa, DePauw, 1918. Son of a Danville, Indiana, editor, he learned reporting on Cleveland and Detroit newspapers, became manager of *The Wall Street Journal's* Detroit office fifteen years ago, became its Managing Editor in New York two years later, and its General Manager five years after that. In 1933, he was made President of Dow-Jones and all its works.

Farmer Also—Known to every Wall Street newspaper man as "Ken," President Hogate is bulky, jovial, keen-eyed, deeply devoted to Dow-Jones service and to *The Wall Street Journal*, which he daily sees "put to bed" before he leaves his office. "Ken" Hogate also is deeply devoted to his 300-acre farm at Pawling, New York, where he strives to make his live stock and produce profitable, and where he now and then plays host to his farmer neighbor and friend, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

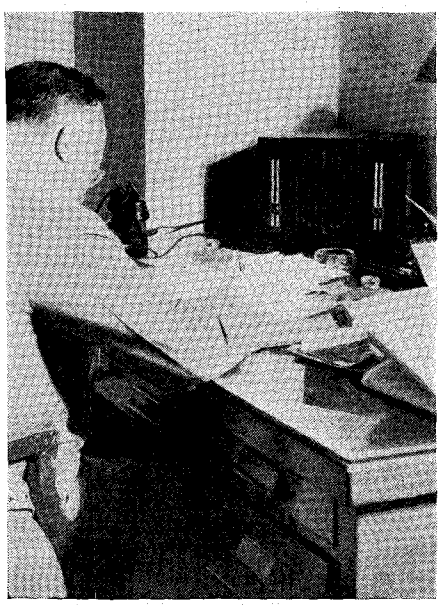

Photo by Guth

Dow-Vox: the voice of Wall Street audible

COTTON-GIN RIVAL: Inventors Fear Mechanical Picker's Effect on Labor; Propose Relief

Through a white blanket of bursting cotton bolls at Stoneville, Mississippi, early this week trundled a gangling mechanical "bug." Veteran planters, merchants and Government observers buzzed excitedly. Mouths of darky cotton-pickers dropped wide open as the "bug" flailed its metal mandibles, snipped white fibers as fast as a hundred hands could pick them.

To Prof. W. E. Ayers, Delta Experiment Station Chief, and to other spectators, here at last was the mechanical cotton-picker that actually worked. Mack Rust, the lean-faced young man on the driver's seat, wasn't completely happy, however: his brother, John, inventor of the machine, was not on hand to share the acclaim.

He need not have worried about his brother. Nine thousand miles away under an angry Russian Turkestan sun, brother John watched two of his mechanical pickers whirr down a collectivized cotton-field. Modestly he grinned as Soviet agricultural experts, eyes wet with Slavic emotion, shook his horny worker's paw. Russia's cotton-fields lacked hand-labor, needed machines. To Soviet admirers this 200-pound proletarian from America's South exemplified amazing Yankee ingenuity.

Decade of Experiment—To the Rust brothers, the tests in America and in Russia (the Soviet Government had bought two machines outright) mark the twelfth cotton-picking season since the machine was planned on paper by John. Now, after a decade of trial and error, they have produced eight machines. Lined up before the Rusts' small garage workshop on the outskirts of Memphis, the machines faced critical tests throughout the South.

If the machines hold up, the brothers Rust will knuckle down to commercial production in 1937. If the machines fail, they will have added another to the list of more than 700 unsuccessful cotton-picking devices patented at Washington since the War Between the States.

But the Rust brothers vow they can not fail. They feel they have solved the fundamental problem of mechanical cotton-picking: to snip the ripe cotton fiber without also snipping green cotton and severely injuring the plant.

The International Harvester Company, which has spent several million dollars on a machine as yet unmarketed, employs a

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KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion, holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with. ***You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth.*** Why endure loose plates? Klutch ends the trouble. 25c and 50c at druggists. If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste*** money on substitutes but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.
HART & CO., Box 2417-I, Elmira, N. Y.

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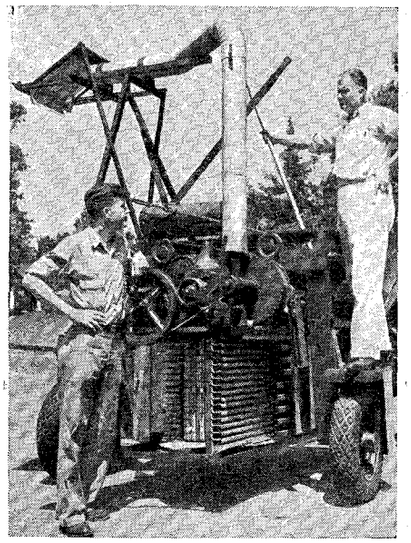

Pictures, Inc.

Mack and John Rust with their cotton-picker

barbed spindle to snip the cotton. To John Rust, who once sought to employ a barbed spindle, one problem seemed dominant: while the barbs succeed in picking up the cotton, how get the cotton off the barbs?

Midnight Idea—Tossing in bed one night, John remembered his early days. Cotton picked in the early morning dew was difficult to remove from the fingers.

John leaped from his bed. He moistened a long nail, revolved it in a boll of cotton. The cotton stuck; then as the nail dried the cotton fell off easily. His cotton-picking machine, John saw, must have a moving endless belt, carrying revolving spindles, not barbed, which were to be moistened before contact with the cotton.

John had no formal technical training. Mack, however, had a University of Texas engineering degree. Mack gave up a job with General Electric at Schenectady, hurried to Texas. John, the "idea man," and Mack, the practical worker, worked day and night to fashion a machine.

Two years later, in 1930, they invited growers to look at their first model. Mounted on large rubber-tired wheels, the machine straddled a row of cotton-plants. On one side was a tunnel-like opening into which projected a series of small, slowly turning spindles mounted on a revolving belt, the rods passing first through a moistening device, then running through the cotton-bolls like a comb. The matured cotton wound itself around the spindles, was sucked into a hopper which carried it to a large crate-like container. Green bolls were left unharmed.

Restriction Noted—Planters immediately saw one shortcoming. The machine, they contended, could be used only in the irrigated Southwest; storm-soaked red earth elsewhere in the South would bar use of the picker, since the machine might spoil cotton by splashing it with mud.

Yet the brothers pushed onward, spent $50,000, raised through sale of stock. In 1933, when tests began in earnest, the machine could do these things:

1. Pick one acre in an hour. In seven and a half hours, it could strip as much cotton as a Negro field-hand picks in an entire eleven-week season.

2. Under favorable conditions, a two-row machine could pick a half-bale from two acres in one hour at $1.50 cost.

Eventually the machine might:

1. Reduce cotton (currently about 11½ cents) to five cents a pound, help the United States regain its export market, which toppled from 7,534,000 bales in 1934 to 4,798,000 in 1935.

2. Disrupt the economy of the South as did Eli Whitney's cotton-gin, destroy the share-cropper system, render idle nearly 1,000,000 Negro and white pickers.

Financing Rejected—Appalled by the latter possibility, brothers John and Mack turned down offers from implement manufacturers which would have hastened large-scale production, vowed they would not market their picker before working out a plan for rehabilitating displaced workers.

The Rust brothers, professed Socialists, appealed to the Government to work out a program. For a time, they cherished a plan of leasing their machines only to growers who granted collective bargaining to farm-hands and who barred child labor.

Closest to their hearts now, however, are plans to endow a foundation with profits of the cotton-picker. This foundation would assist jobless share-croppers to unite in cooperative cotton-farming groups.

As boys, John and Mack Rust got down on their knees in Stephens County, Texas, and picked cotton until they thought their backs would break. Some day, they vowed, they'd build a machine to end this sort of toil.

Repairer of Bells—When their mother's death broke up the Rust home John, then sixteen, trooped through Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico, doing odd jobs. In 1918, freshly demobilized from the Army, he took a job with a builder. On his way to work, he became impressed with the abundance of signs reading, "Bell out of order." The heavy-set young man created a side-line. Before and after regular working hours, he knocked on doors, offered to repair bells, earned from $3 to $6 daily.

Later, John Rust joined a Kansas company set up to develop a wheat combine. For five years, he labored with machinery. He took a mechanical-drawing course, learned to put his ideas on paper.

But his mind toyed constantly with the cotton-picker idea. In 1927 he stumbled on his solution, gave up his mechanic's job, hurried to his sister's farm in Texas to devote all of his time to his machine.

In a modest brick veneer house in McKellar Street, Memphis, John, in his early forties, and Mack, in his thirties, live with their wives on a modest salary from their cotton-picker corporation.

Sometimes neighbors hear a guitar and banjo twanging lustily in the Rust home. Then they know the brothers are seeking respite from nuts, bolts and spindles.

EXPANDING INDUSTRIES:

General Motors in Lead, Projecting $5,575,000 Plant in New Jersey

Citizens of Linden, New Jersey, were sorely puzzled a month ago when they learned that Standard Oil of New Jersey and other owners had sold eighty acres of Linden land to some one unnamed. Last week excitement replaced mystery when General Motors Corporation announced itself the buyer, disclosed plans to spend $5,575,000 immediately to build one of the world's largest automobile assembly-plants on the site, bordering the Lincoln Highway, eighteen miles from New York.

With a normal capacity of 120,000 units a year, the new Linden factory will turn out Buick, Oldsmobile and Pontiac passenger-cars, two-thirds for delivery in eastern States, one-third for export to Europe. Completion is scheduled for December. Normal employment of 2,000 workers may later be stepped up to 3,500.

Variously significant is the latest General Motors enterprise. Primarily it is the company's second major move toward decentralization of its production, a policy which President Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., has long been urging all industry to adopt.

The first such move was made by General Motors last May when a similar assembly-plant for the same three products was opened at Los Angeles to supply deliveries in West Coast territory and for transpacific exports. Previously all Buicks, Oldsmobiles and Pontiacs had been turned out at parent plants in Michigan.

Beyond this, decision to erect the Atlantic seaboard Linden plant immediately evidences General Motors confidence in its European export business. Arriving from Europe last week, President Sloan was highly optimistic as to the outlook for motor sales abroad, declared Herr Hitler to be "anxious to motorize Germany," predicted record-breaking motor production there and in England.

In Germany, General Motors-owned factories at Russelsheim and Brandenburg will produce 120,000 Opel cars, about 45 per cent. of all makes in the country. For England, President Sloan estimated an output of 375,000 cars this year.

Happy Community—Also, to little Linden the new General Motors project promises new prosperity. By agreement between city officials and the company, 80 per cent. of unskilled labor will be drawn from the locality; only 20 per cent. will be brought in to train Linden workers.

Thereby, said Mayor Miles McManus, Linden's unemployment will be taken care of, necessary housing will produce a building boom, considerable increase in taxable real estate values will logically follow. Additionally, the Pennsylvania Railroad, which serves Linden, may look forward to new volume shipments.

Packard Move—Elbowing the General Motors Linden announcement was Packard Motor Car Company's disclosure that it, too, is about to spend more than $5,000,000 on extension of plant facilities. This will be done in the Detroit area.

To receive new machinery, the present mile-long Packard establishment will be rearranged; doubling of productive capacity will result in preparation for four complete lines of new cars in 1937. The expenditure will bring up to $18,000,000 Packard's spendings for expansion since its "120" model was introduced to the market.

A CORRECTION

In its issue of July 18 THE LITERARY DIGEST named Gerald E. Donovan as having become Vice-President of Schroder, Rockefeller & Co., newly formed investment banking corporation. By a greatly regretted error, an accompanying photograph was not that of Gerald E. Donovan, as it was captioned, but of Gerald Donovan, attorney, senior partner of Sullivan, Donovan & Heenehan, prominent New York law firm. To Lawyer Gerald, who has not abandoned law for banking as the caption indicated, and to Banker Gerald E., THE LITERARY DIGEST apologizes for its mistake.

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Mail

(Continued from page 2)

you seem to have accomplished in the August 15 issue of THE DIGEST.

I. M. OLSON.

Maplewood, New Jersey.

["Current Poetry" in future will appear every other week.—*Editor.*]

Slips

Sir:—Concluding the comments in "Slips" is little short of concluding the whole column. Come on, you defendants; let's hear from you. L. L. EGGERS.

Denver.

Typographical Slips

Sir:—In your issue of August 15, in "Sneezing Plant," you state that Doctor Thomen produced enough pollen to start 15,200,000,000 people sneezing, which is two and a half times the population of the world.

According to the *World Almanac*, there are a little more than 2,000,000,000 people living on this planet. If you multiply that by two and one-half you will get approximately 5,000,000,000.

Would you mind explaining to me how you got 15,200,000,000 for your answer?

Brooklyn. ROBERT E. SPENCER.

[15,200,000,000 is correct; "two and one-half times the population of the world" is incorrect, and should read: "seven and one-half times the population of the world."—*Editor.*]

Sir:—For some years I have been a constant reader of THE LITERARY DIGEST, and have usually found its statements dependable. However, in the issue of August 15, under the title of "Tin Canners" there appears a statement which seems to me to belong to the "tall story club."

You state that a family of five traveled 15,000 miles, paid $3 admission to a national park; leaving home with but $35 and returning with 75 cents. Gasoline for the average car costs almost one cent per mile; which in this case would be nearly $150. If oil were changed each thousand miles about $15 could be figured for that. In addition there were five people to feed for a period which must have been more than a month in order to cover that distance.

Philadelphia. M. H. DILLIN.

[We bow to the proofreading eyes of our subscribers. Subtract one 0 and you have 1,500, which is correct.—*Editor.*]

General Trujillo

Sir:—When lawyers are fighting a losing battle, they resort to abuse and vilification in an effort to dodge the issues and confuse the jury. This course seems to have been followed by those opposed to the régime of President Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, if a recent article in THE LITERARY DIGEST is a criterion.

So, let's look at the record and let that be the judge of what General Trujillo has done in his six years as President:

(1) Cut the annual budget from $15,000,000 to $7,500,000 and squared it annually.

(2) Liberalized the laws so the privileges of the classes became the rights of the masses.

(3) Paid the interest regularly and reduced the principal in the $16,000,000 bond issue floated in the United States by his predecessors. Refused a proffer of a lower interest rate, saying, "My country agreed to this rate; it will pay it."

(4) Refused a Red Cross $2,000,000 loan when the Republic was devastated by a hurricane in 1930. Rehabilitated the country, making the capital, now Ciudad Trujillo, the garden spot of the Caribbean.

(5) Ended isolation for many sections by building roads and bridges, bringing the crops only a few hours from the ports.

(6) Banished illiteracy with schools everywhere, even in the smallest hamlet.

(7) Lifted restrictions that brought a flood of capital into the land.

(8) Created a hospitalization campaign that lowered the death rate. Made Santo Domingo harbor accessible to the largest vessels.

(9) Banished from office the drones who had looked upon their public positions as a means for private gain.

(10) Settled the 100-year boundary dispute with Haiti; cemented ties with the United States and other countries and made himself disliked by those who had held office in the Dominican Republic and showed nothing, as far as the public was concerned, for their efforts.

Strum this gently on your Spanish guitar, and it sounds like sweet music to all who haven't their own private ax to grind.

WILLIAM J. CARVER.

New York City.

Evan Moore

Sir:—In the article "Marriage Mart" in your issue of August 15 is the statement that the postoffice refused to reveal the real name of *Evan Moore*, the proprietor of the Lonely Hearts Club, Jacksonville, Florida.

On October 13, 1932, the Federal Trade Commission issued its Stipulation No. 0178, which is quoted in full in T. Swann Harding, "The Popular Practice of Fraud," page 179. It reads, in part:

"Shuford M. Futch, trading as Eva Moore, Jacksonville, Florida, advertiser-vender of lists of names and descriptions of persons seeking correspondence . . . agreed to cease representing . . . that (he) can procure a 'sweetheart' for prospective subscribers, and that (he) is a woman. Futch agrees to stop using the name Eva Moore as a trade name or using any name that would imply that he is a woman."

How simple it was to comply with the order and make a man out of Eva by just adding the letter "n"!

Baltimore. IRVING K. MEGINNIS.

Hitler's "Infallibility"

Sir:—The article in THE LITERARY DIGEST of August 8, "Brown Paganism With Hitler As Idol," is a fantastic mixture, which only blind hatred can produce. The "Deification of Hitler" exists only in the hallucination of some propaganda-peddlers.

The German Faith Movement existed in spirit a long time before the War.

The Antichrist rules supreme in Russia, where many churches were destroyed, untold thousands of Christians killed, and where Judas Iscariot has his monument.

No German churches have been destroyed, and no German preacher has been killed.

Please give us impartial facts, but not one-sided propaganda filled with blind hatred. (THE REV.) JUL. JOH. KASISKE.

Manor, Texas.

[The claim that Hitler is being deified is contained in the recent 4,000-word letter by the opposition synod and has been made repeatedly in circular letters issued by the Catholic and Protestant clergy and read from the church pulpits. His "infallibility," hitherto claimed only by the Pope, can be read in the German press almost every day, which continues to reiterate that "Der Fuehrer never errs."

The article plainly speaks of the teachings of Professor Bergmann "before Germany was revamped into a Third Reich" and adds that "when Germany . . . became the brown-clad Reich, paganism had made but little progress," indicating clearly that paganistic tendencies had existed in spirit long before 1933.

That "untold thousands of Christians" have been destroyed in Russia does not appear to have any bearing on paganism in Germany.

Nowhere in the article is the claim made that German churches have been destroyed or preachers killed.—*Editor.*]

Drought Response.

Sir:—It is not difficult to answer Ted Sorensen's "Drought" inquiry in a recent issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST: "Why farmers remain where the outlook is so hopeless."

Tabulating:

1. Personal associations based upon a lifetime of clean living create social ties that will not easily loose themselves.

2. Children's friendships, during the adolescent years, become firmly fixed, and their elders take cognizance of that fact.

3. Investments are not ordinarily fluid—can not be scuttled.

4. In the neighborhood churchyard are the cold forms of buried generations preceding, and of recently departed loved ones. Survivors hate to desert them.

But frankly, it requires greater courage to "get up and dust" than it does to wait under the withering gourd-plant, at least, when one has become "fifty 'n' over." The younger generation must be persuaded to venture forth while the present one carries on.

Los Angeles. C. F. CABLE.

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Demetrio Bolaños Espinosa—Mexican deputy (p. 18)—he is called *deh-meh'tree-oh bo-lan'yose es-pi-nos'sa.*

Geoghan—Brooklyn District Attorney under fire—rimes with *pagan.*

Houck—inventor of advertising camera (p. 41)—add *k* to *how: howk.*

La Follette—Senator from Wisconsin—stress second syllable: *la-foll'et.*

Stasys Lozorajtis—Lithuanian foreign minister (p. 17)—*raj* equals *rye: stah'seess lo-zo-rye'teess.*

Jacobo Najman—Nicaraguan shark merchant (p. 16)—second *j* like German *ch: hah-ko'bo nach'mahn.*

Politzer—illustrates book-jackets (p. 26)—*pol* as in *policy: pol'it-zer.*

Luis Mora Tovar—Mexican deputy (p. 18)—the full name: *loo-eess' moe'rah toe-var'.*

Juozas Tubelis—Lithuanian premier (p. 17)—*e* like *a* in *Sally: you'o-zas too-bal'eess.*

"OH! SOME WISE GUY TRYIN' TO GET SMART AROUND HERE, EH!"

—The American Legion Monthly

Grammar Again

Sir:—Being of the impression that your magazine caters or intends to cater to the more select portion of the reading public, I am surprized when I see occasionally an error in grammatical construction.

In this connection I am calling your attention to the first sentence in the first article contained in your issue of August 8th: "Dry Goal—Prohibition Again by 1945." That sentence reads as follows:

"All of liquor's ferment is *not* confined to casks and barrels."

I am sure that if this sentence had been submitted to any careful student or any recognized authority of the proper use of English, that the reading thereof would have been changed as follows:

"*Not* all of liquor's ferment is confined to casks and barrels." F. E. SPENCER.

Chicago.

[We can do no better than to quote the grammarian, H. W. Fowler, who, in discussing the famous line of Shakespeare, "All is not gold that glisters," with a precisionist, wrote: "This gentleman has logic on his side, logic has time on its side, and probably the only thing needed for his gratification is that he should live long enough. The older a language grows, and the more consciously expert its users become, the shorter shrift it and they may be expected to grant to illogicalities and ambiguities. *All . . . not* for *Not all . . .* is already denounced by those who have time to spend on niceties; but it is still, like many other inaccuracies, the natural and idiomatic English; it will pass away in time; in the meantime it is worth anyone's while to get on speaking terms with the new exactitudes, but worth nobody's while to fall foul of those who do not choose to abandon the comfortable old slovenries."—*Editor.*]

Congressmen Preferred.

Sir:—Why all this stir about electing a President? It makes little difference who is President if we have a dependable Congress. Under our Constitution, Congress alone has power to speak for the people. The large number of members, coming from every nook of the country, enables it to see every section and every interest as no one man could see them.

If we do our duty in electing our next Congress, that body will be able to formulate its own plans and will have the courage and confidence to discharge and not delegate the powers entrusted to it.

It will receive from the President statements of facts, but "administration measures" and "must legislation" will find no place in the calendar. Then, too, it will clean up this hotch-potch of graft and patronage that embarrasses honest Congressmen.

Fort Smith, Arkansas. T. E. H.

Christian Religion

Sir:—A correspondent to your "Mail" columns states "there is nothing new in the Christian religion which did not exist in all other religions of man."

What other religious teacher taught the sanctity of marriage and the home; the sanctity of private property and temporal possessions; the "Golden Rule," not as some would have it in an emasculated form, but as the Bible teaches it, as did Jesus of Nazareth?

What religion teaches the one and only one way of salvation, namely, through faith in Christ Jesus, as does the Christian religion? "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." (St. John 14, 6.)

"Neither is there salvation in any other." (Acts 4, 12.)

HENRY C. HEMMETER, Pastor,
The Lutheran Chapel of St. John,
Philadelphia.

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Self-Supporting in Ten Months

"I am able to live on the *money I earn by writing, and it* is not yet ten months since I began the course! Until a few *months after beginning* study with you I had never had a line published in any commercial *publication.* What *more can I* say for a course which has enabled me to earn a livelihood *by the most congenial work* I have ever done?"

John N. Ottum, Jr., Box 95, Lisbon, N. D.

How do you KNOW you can't WRITE?

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken all of a sudden to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has *produced so many* successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy-desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments just as if you were *right at work on a great metropolitan* daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. Under this practical, seasoned guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some *one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly* developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your *feelings articulate.*

Many people who *should* be writing become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors, and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

A chance to test yourself

We have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York.

Free **Newspaper Institute of America**
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Send me, without cost or obligation, your *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit as promised in The Literary Digest, September 5.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....

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(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 20I366

Why don't you write?

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Inventive.—"Why are you eating with your knife?"

"My fork leaks."—*Army and Navy Journal.*

His Difficulty.—"Humph! I could write a story as good as this, if I had a mind to."

"Sure, but that's exactly what you lack."—*Evening News (London).*

By Request.—STEVE—"I hear you're singing in the choir now."

CHARLES—"Yes. The other day I sang 'I May Not Pass This Way Again' to the satisfaction of the audience."—*Hartford Courant.*

By Instalments.—"Here's my bill," said the lawyer. "Please pay down $100, and $25 a week thereafter for ten weeks."

"Sounds like buying an automobile," said the client.

"I am," returned the attorney.—*Vancouver Daily Province.*

Mystery.—She came into the police station with a picture in her hand.

"My husband has disappeared," she sobbed. "Here is his picture. I want you to find him."

The inspector looked up from the photograph.

"Why?" he asked.—*Wall Street Journal.*

How Delightful.—They were engaged to be married, and he was proudly relating his former adventures in Africa.

"I had to hack my way," said he, "through almost impenetrable jungle, chopping, slashing at thick undergrowth and trees—"

"Oh, George," said she, "you'll do fine when you have to weed the garden!"—*Grit.*

Slips That Pass in Type

Mrs. E—— R——, M——'s mother, sat rigidly before the mirror for four years yesterday.—*Boston (Mass.) paper.*

In separate portions of the ground two large well furnished residents with unsurpassed marine views.—*Martha's Vineyard (Mass.) paper.*

A card party will be hell in L—— A—— School on Saturay evening, Aug. 8, at 8:30. Prizes and refreshments. Almission will be 50 cents.—*Brewster (N. Y.) paper.*

Jacksonville, Fla., Aug. 21 (U.P.) — A tropical disturbance, accompanied by guests of winds with a velocity of 40 to 55 miles an hour, tonight swept the east Florida coast north of Titusville.—*Washington (D. C.) paper.*

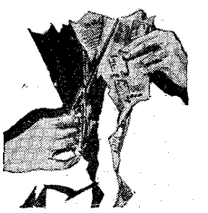
Quick-Lunch Restaurant.—A quick-lunch restaurant is to be opened in Moscow, run by a group of American women. Grilled stakes, chops, ham and eggs and all the American dishes will grace the menu.—*Hartford (Conn.) paper.*

Pedestrian Laments Fate—

Hamilton, Ont.—J.—— O'F—— is telling of his experiences with the world's most discourteous motorist. O'F—— said he knocked down a car while crossing the street. The driver leaped out, waited for O'F—— to regain his feet, and then knocked him unconscious with a blow to the jaw, jumped back in the car and drove away.—*Pittston (Pa.) paper.*

• OUR NEW COVER •

THE POSTMAN who greets the legion of readers of The Literary Digest this week brings them something new in the way of magazine covers; an innovation in the fields of drawing and photography, original in conception and design.

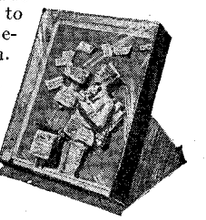


The Digest wanted a distinctive and arresting cover to match its new, fast-moving content. It must be youthful, modern, smart.

Framing the formula was easy; working it out was not. Dozens of artists and photographers helped.

The work of Miss Marian Wiggin, free-lance artist, brought an inspiration. Miss Wiggin's specialty is making cut-out, three-dimensional illustrations from fabrics and other materials.

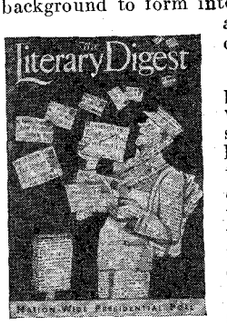
Why not, for The Digest, make them from newspaper clippings? Hundreds of newspapers and publications come into The Digest offices every day. Besides the American daily press, the scientific, medical, religious, foreign, financial, sports and trade press is culled, clipped, analyzed and interpreted. Newspaper columns become the symbol of the wide research and extensive reading which goes into each issue of The Digest. How to vitalize that symbol became the next problem.



Innumerable experiments worked out a new technique. First, a small sketch, then, a larger one. Of this was made a tracing.

On the tracing were pinned newspaper clippings carefully selected for their timeliness. Pasted on heavier paper, and using the tracing, the artist went to work with manicure scissors and a razor blade, cutting a silhouette design.

The silhouettes were then mounted within a protecting box, pinning them down, bending them upward and away from the background to form interesting shadows—a three-dimensional design.



Then to the photographer's where, after painstaking shifting of lights to get exactly the shadow effects desired, the picture was snapped, and was on its way to the engraver's to be expressed in metal.

And here it is on this issue.

Another in this series of unique Digest covers — bringing newsprint to life — will appear next week.

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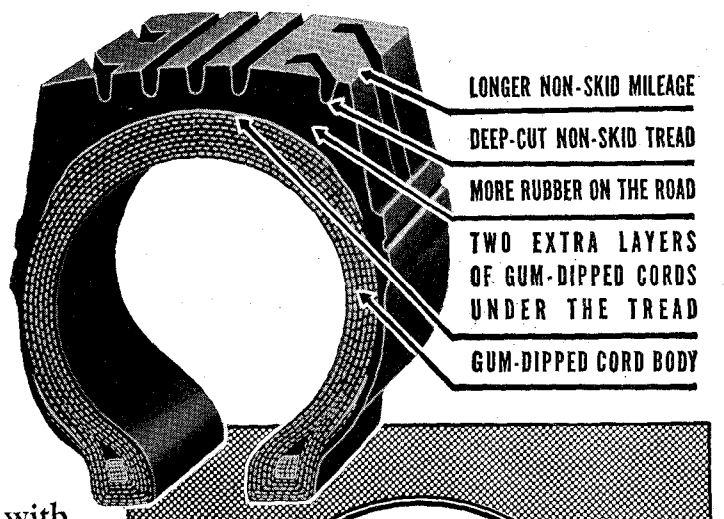
BUY The New Firestone STANDARD


LONGER NON-SKID MILEAGE
DEEP-CUT NON-SKID TREAD
MORE RUBBER ON THE ROAD
TWO EXTRA LAYERS OF GUM-DIPPED CORDS UNDER THE TREAD
GUM-DIPPED CORD BODY

THE new Firestone Standard Tire wins car owners' votes for its outstanding extra values. This is not surprising, when Firestone makes it possible for you to equip your car with four new tires that will give you blowout protection, non-skid safety and long mileage—at prices as remarkably low as those shown here.

Since the startling announcement of this new tire sensation, Firestone factories have been busy day and night to turn out sufficient tires for the big demand.

When you buy the new Firestone Standard, you save five ways—better raw materials, buying at source of supply, more efficient manufacturing, volume production and more economical distribution. All of these savings are passed on to you in the greatest tire value you have ever known.

Never before have you seen so much tire for the money! Every tire carries the Firestone name and guarantee, your assurance of greater non-skid efficiency, greater blowout protection and longer mileage.

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